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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D.,

AND OF THE MISSION COLLEGE WHICH HE FOUNDED IN CALCUTTA.

By the

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PREFACE.

THIS little book does not profess to be a biography of Alexander Duff. It contains, as its title indicates, the personal recollections of the writer, who was enrolled as a pupil in Dr. Duff's Institution in Calcutta in the year 1834. His intercourse with the great missionary, as teacher and spiritual father, began in the year 1843, when he forsook the religion of his forefathers and embraced the Christian faith, and ended in the year 1863, when Duff finally quitted the shores of India, the intercourse being necessarily interrupted by that interval during which Dr. Duff went to his native Scotland to recruit a constitution shattered by incessant labours. To these personal recollections the writer has added a few chapters here and there, to make the book complete in itself. He has also, with a view to give to the people of

Scotland some idea of the inner life of Indian students, inserted a few chapters describing the encouragements and discouragements which he himself met with in the course of his school life. A full and elaborate biography of Dr. Duff will be written by some one of his numerous friends and admirers; but in the meantime this little volume, it is hoped, will be found interesting.

As the book is written in a language which is not the writer's mother tongue, it can scarcely be expected to have any literary merits. But it has this peculiar interest, that it is the life of a great Scottish Missionary, written by one of his own sons in the faith on the banks of the Ganges, and by one, too, who was wholly brought up in one of the Christian colleges established and maintained in India by the people of Scotland. As such, the book, the writer believes, will touch a chord in the heart of every true-born son of Old Caledonia.

HOOGHLY COLLEGE.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

ALEXANDER DUFF.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE OF ALEXANDER DUFF.

IN the highlands of Perthshire, in the parish of Moulin, not far from the confluence of the Tummel and the Garry, is situated the Pass of Killiecrankie, rendered memorable by the defeat which the troops of William III. sustained, on the 17th of July 1689, at the hands of Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who commanded the partizans of James II., but who fell in the moment of victory. At a short distance from this pass, lies the little village of Pitlochrie. About a mile from this village stood the old farm-house of Auchnahyle.

It was in this old farm-house that Alexander Duff was born, on the 25th of April 1806.

A few years before, the parish of Moulin had witnessed a deep religious awakening. During the long reign of spiritual apathy, or Moderatism as it was called, when the policy of Robertson the historian guided the councils of the National Church, and sermons composed on the model of those of Blair the rhetorician were preached from its pulpits, Scotland presented the spectacle of a vast spiritual Sahara, relieved, no doubt, here and there, like that great desert itself, by oases of singular fertility and beauty. It was in the closing years of the last century, that Charles Simeon, of evangelical memory, visited the parish of Moulin, then under the spiritual care of Dr. Alexander Stewart, afterwards of Canongate Church, Edinburgh. From the pulpit of the parish church, Charles Simeon preached such sermons as the people had never heard before. From Sabbath to Sabbath they had listened to discourses on dry morality; and had imagined that the whole of Christianity consisted in the Ten Commandments, or, at best, in the Sermon on the Mount. Charles Simeon opened their eyes. He preached to the people the gospel, as well as the law. His preaching produced a revival. There was a shaking among the dry bones, and minister and people alike felt the glow of spiritual life. The

beneficial influence of this salutary revolution reached the farm-house of Auchnahyle, and the father of Alexander Duff became an earnest Christian.

Alexander Duff received his elementary education at Kirkmichael, about twelve miles distant from his native village, where he saw as a boy those cairns and "Druidical" stones for which that parish is remarkable. From Kirkmichael he went to the Grammar-school of Perth, the head-master of which was one Mr. Dick, who was soon succeeded by Mr. Moncur, a good classical scholar. It was at the Grammar-school of Perth that Alexander Duff first contracted friendship with a gifted lad, two years younger than himself, the lamented John Urquhart, of whom it may be said as of his prototype Henry Kirke White,—

> "Unconquered powers th' immortal mind displayed,
> But worn with anxious thought the frame decayed;
> Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
> The martyr student faded and expired."

In 1822 Alexander Duff was admitted into the University of St. Andrews, whither John Urquhart had preceded him a short time before. Duff prosecuted his studies with the utmost vigour, and distinguished himself in all the branches of learning taught in the university, but especially in Latin and Greek, for which he had natural predilections. In

his classical studies he had the advantage of listening to the prelections of Professor Hunter, one of the best Latin scholars of the day in Scotland. But the man to whom he was most indebted for the development of his intellect and the formation of his character was Dr. Chalmers, who joined the university in November 1823 as Professor of Moral Philosophy. The fervid genius of Chalmers, the highly philosophical character of his mind, his superb eloquence, his intense enthusiasm as a teacher, his sincere and unaffected piety, his deep earnestness, and his active benevolence, stirred the souls of his students to their inmost depths; and Alexander Duff, like his friend John Urquhart and others, felt within him the throbbings of a newly-awakened life, and the uprisings of noble and lofty aspirations. Dr. Duff in after-life acknowledged that he "intensely admired, revered, and loved" Dr. Chalmers; and endeavoured, "at however great a distance, to tread in his footsteps, and to imitate so noble a pattern."

When twelve years old, Alexander Duff was presented by his father with a purse of twenty pounds, as the sum which he could spare for his son's education. Before that sum had been all spent, he obtained by his diligence a scholarship in the University of St. Andrews; and thus he was enabled to carry on his studies till he took his degree of Master of Arts.

After finishing the Arts curriculum, he entered the Divinity Hall of St. Mary's College, as he had resolved on becoming a minister of the gospel.

But for Thomas Chalmers, Alexander Duff, in all human probability, would never have become a missionary. Some time after his coming to St. Andrews, Dr. Chalmers delivered in the Town Hall a series of lectures on Protestant missions throughout the world, tracing the rise and progress of the various missionary societies, and enlarging on their modes of operation and on their distinctive peculiarities. These lectures produced a deep impression on the public, and especially on the minds of the alumni of the university. The religious earnestness with which Chalmers had inspired some of his pupils induced them to form among themselves a Missionary Association, of which John Urquhart and Alexander Duff were the leading spirits. This Association, which was at first frowned upon by some of the Professors of the university, received the warm encouragement of the Professor of Moral Philosophy, and was afterwards developed into the University Missionary Association. In this Association missionary intelligence from all parts of the world was communicated to its members, missionary subjects were discussed, missionary addresses were delivered, and essays on missions were read. It is, therefore, not too much to say that

Alexander Duff, long before he left St. Mary's Divinity Hall, was at heart a missionary; while it is not a little singular, that from the same Divinity Hall, and in connection with the same Missionary Association, there should come forth four other Indian missionaries,—Dr. Duff's two colleagues, William Sinclair Mackay and David Ewart, John Adam of the London Missionary Society, and Robert Nesbit of Bombay,—the saintly John Urquhart having been too early transplanted into the paradise above to be useful in the Lord's vineyard here below.

It was while Mr. Duff was prosecuting his theological studies in the Divinity Hall of St. Mary's College that the Church of Scotland resolved, in its corporate capacity, to send a missionary to India. Of this missionary movement in the National Church of Scotland, Dr. Inglis was the soul. As the success of the proposed mission greatly depended, next to the blessing of God, which is all in all, on the character of the man intrusted with it, Dr. Inglis naturally wanted a man not only of talents, but also of deep piety and lofty enthusiasm; and as the University of St. Andrews had lately shown a livelier interest in missions than any other Scottish university, he as naturally directed his eyes towards that quarter. Principal Haldane was asked whether, amongst the divinity students at St. Mary's, there was any one

qualified, as well by intellectual gifts as by spiritual graces, to take charge of so important a mission. The Principal deemed Mr. Duff to be the best qualified. Duff was consulted as to his wishes; but the ingenuous youth, who had not then finished his theological studies, pondering on the awful responsibilities of the undertaking, and distrusting his own abilities, refused to accede to the proposal. After the lapse of a year, when he was going through his trials for license before the Presbytery, a second application was made to him for his services in India. This second application he regarded as a call from God. He did not decline the offer, neither did he at once accept it: he took time to think and pray over it. He looked at the matter in all its bearings; he prayed to God for guidance; he consulted with his friends, and especially with Dr. Chalmers—the man whom of all men upon earth he most admired and revered; and the result was, that he accepted the offer of the Committee of Foreign Missions, and resolved to devote his life to the preaching of the glad tidings of salvation to the benighted millions of India.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland ratified in May 1829 the choice of the Committee of Foreign Missions. On the 12th of August 1829 he was ordained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, the

ordination sermon being preached by Dr. Chalmers. In the following October, Mr. Duff, having previously married Miss Drysdale, embarked with his wife on board the *Lady Holland*, East Indiaman, and sailed for India.

In those days the power of steam had not been applied to the propelling of vessels; the Suez route had not been opened up, and the only passage to India from Europe was that discovered three centuries before by Vasco de Gama. But the Cape of Good Hope proved to the *Lady Holland* that which it was originally called—the Cape of Storms. She struck on a small island about thirty miles to the north of Cape Town, and became a perfect wreck. But though the ship was lost, the passengers were all saved; but they were barely saved. Alexander Duff lost a choice collection of books, chiefly classical and theological, about eight hundred in number. The only two volumes recovered from the ocean were a copy of Bagster's Comprehensive Bible, and a copy of the metrical version of the Psalms of David used in the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. Mr. Duff, who traced the finger of God in every event of his life, whether prosperous or calamitous, construed the submersion of his collection of the classics into a sort of punishment for his passionate love of the literature of Greece and Rome; while

the recovery of Bagster's Bible and the Psalm-book he regarded as an admonition from Heaven, to the effect that the inspired Word of God should be the only companion and guide of a missionary. For the Psalm-book picked up from the angry ocean he had great affection; he used it for years every morning and evening at family worship. I remember the book well. When I, as a young convert, had the privilege of joining him at the family altar, I often handled the book with reverence, and observed with interest the water-stains which it bore.

A strange fatality seemed to attend the voyage of the first Indian missionary of the National Church of Scotland. The second ship in which Alexander Duff sailed met with a similar fate. It was overtaken by a cyclone at the mouth of the Hooghly, and was dashed ashore; and Alexander Duff and his newly-married wife landed at Calcutta, on the 27th of May 1830, with an inconveniently slender wardrobe.

CHAPTER II.

THE OPENING OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S INSTITUTION.

HEN Duff arrived in Calcutta, there was peace throughout the whole of the Indian Empire. The Burmese war had ended with the treaty of Yandabu; the fortress of Bhurtpore, which seemed to the natives all but impregnable, had been stormed; a mutiny which occurred among the Sepoys at Barrackpore had been put down; and Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, one of the most beneficent of India's rulers, had begun his peaceful administration. Under the auspices of this enlightened Governor-General, important reforms had begun to be made in every branch of the administration. The public expenditure had been reduced; measures had been taken towards the suppression of wholesale murders, called *thuggee*, perpetrated under the holy name of religion; the natives of the country had begun to be employed in responsible and honourable judicial posts; and the cruel practice of the self-immolation of Hindu widows on the funeral pyres

of their deceased husbands had been rendered penal by an act of the legislature. The agitation connected with the abolition of the last-named practice had roused the Hindu mind to its innermost depths. All these and other causes combined to produce a great change in Hindu society in Bengal. But that which exerted the greatest influence on the rising generation of the country was the progress which English education was making among them. And here it may not be deemed uninteresting, in writing the life of perhaps the greatest educator and missionary that India ever had, to review the state of English education in Calcutta, from its beginning down to the year 1830, when Alexander Duff opened the General Assembly's Institution.

During the long interval that elapsed between the year 1634, when the English first obtained permission to trade in Bengal, and the beginning of the nineteenth century, no Bengali seems to have made the English language the subject of earnest study. A superficial acquaintance, however, with that language, or rather with some of its words, must have been obtained by those Bengalis who came in daily contact with the foreigners for the transaction of business. Concerning the first English scholar among the natives of Calcutta, the following anecdote is related by my countryman, Ram Kamal Sen, in the Preface to

his English and Bengali Dictionary:—"Somewhere towards the end of the seventeenth century, an English man-of-war sailed up the Hooghly and anchored near Garden Reach. The captain of the vessel sent to the wealthy *Sets*, the only Bengalis who were then engaged in extensive mercantile business, and asked for a *dobhasia*. This term, *dobhasia*, which means a person who speaks in two languages, was used in those days on the Coromandel and Malabar coasts; but the *Sets* had never heard the word. They sat in solemn conclave to ascertain, if possible, the meaning of the word and of the captain's request. After a world of debate and deliberation, it was decided that a *dobhasia* meant nothing more or less than a *dhobi*, or washerman. It was accordingly resolved to send a washerman to the ship. Furnished with *nuzzurs* (gifts) of plantains, sugar-candy, and other Indian delicacies, the dauntless washerman—for in those days it was no joke for a Bengali to go alongside a ship—went on board the man-of-war, and returned laden with presents. The washerman, by frequent intercourse with the crew of the man-of-war, got a smattering of the English language; and to him must be ascribed the honour of having been the first English scholar, if scholar he could be called, amongst the people of Bengal. This worthy man, whose name unfortunately has not been transmitted to posterity, soon gathered

around him a number of disciples, whom he initiated into the mysteries of the English language. But the knowledge of English thus acquired was necessarily defective. Utterly unacquainted with either the grammar or the idiom of the language, our first English scholars merely substituted English words for Bengali. They committed to memory a few sentences used frequently in common conversation, and learned the English names of the several articles of merchandise. The knowledge of persons was estimated by the number of English words they had learned; and the stock of words with which they managed to hold intercourse with their conquerors was often incredibly small. What they could not express by words was indicated by signs; and thus many a native contrived, by supplementing the inadequacy of his expression with the gesticulations of his body, to make himself intelligible to his European master with no ampler philological resources than the scanty stock of the four words, 'Yes,' 'No,' and 'Very well.'"

The establishment of the Supreme Court in Calcutta, in the year 1774, created in respectable Bengalis a desire to learn the English language. But this desire could not in those days be easily gratified. Schools, which in Calcutta are now as plentiful as blackberries, did not then exist; and to the European, who had come to these tropical climes only in

search of gold, the idea did not occur that it was any part of his business to educate those whom he had conquered. In spite of these difficulties a few of the enterprising natives of Calcutta picked up a smattering of the English language, and turned it to profitable account by instructing others of their countrymen. The acquirements of these teachers were, of course, very limited. The only English books they read were Thomas Dyche's "Spelling-Book" and the "Schoolmaster." The most eminent of these teachers composed vocabularies, which contained several hundred of English words in common and daily use, with the corresponding terms in the Bengali language. In course of time some Eurasians in Calcutta lent their services to the cause of native education. They went to the houses of rich Baboos, and gave instruction in English. They received pupils into their own houses, which were turned into schools. Under the auspices of these men the curriculum of studies was enlarged. To the "Spelling-Book" and the "Schoolmaster" were added the "Tales of a Parrot," the "Elements of English Grammar," and the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The man who could read and understand the last-mentioned book, was reckoned in those days a prodigy of learning.

The year 1817 is a memorable time in the history of English education in Bengal. In that year the

Hindu College was established. The honour of originating that institution belongs to David Hare, a watchmaker in Calcutta. The rough plan which he had sketched of the institution fell into the hands of Sir Edward Hyde East, then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in Calcutta, who liked the proposal, and took measures for reducing it to practice. This institution, which was at first a school of very humble character, rose into a college chiefly through the exertions of the great Sanskrit scholar, Horace Hayman Wilson, who was Secretary to the Committee of Public Instruction, appointed in 1823 by Government. The success of the Hindu College induced some native gentlemen to set up private schools, the most eminent of which was the Oriental Seminary. The attainments of the youths attending these schools, but especially the Hindu College, were considerable. They were familiar with the historical works of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon; with the economic works of Adam Smith and Jeremy Bentham; with the philosophical works of Locke, Reid, and Dugald Stewart; and with the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Burns, and Scott.

Such was the state of English education when Duff reached Calcutta in 1830. He had been charged by the Committee of Foreign Missions in Scotland to found a college in Bengal, to be conducted on

thoroughly Christian principles; but even if he had not received such instructions, we are sure that, on a survey of the field, he would himself have established one. When Duff arrived in Calcutta, the evil effects of a purely secular education were beginning to manifest themselves. He witnessed the revolution which the minds of the intelligent youth of the city were undergoing: the wildness of their views; the reckless innovations they were introducing; the infidel character of their religious opinions; and the spirit of unbounded liberty, or, rather, licentiousness, which characterized their speculations. He contemplated this scene with mingled feelings of joy and fear. He could not but observe with delight the influence which English education was shedding around,—in opening up the dormant energies of the Bengali mind, in dissipating its prejudices, in relaxing the restrictions of caste, in diminishing the power of the priesthood, and in undermining the system of national superstition. On the other hand, he could not witness without alarm the spread of atheism and of religious indifference. He saw with regret that, though English education was mighty in pulling down the strongholds of error, it constructed nothing in their room. It is no doubt a pleasing spectacle to see the hoary fortresses of error battered down by the forces of knowledge; but, while the consequent

scene of confusion and havoc cannot be looked upon without horror, it is heaven upon earth to see the fair temple of Truth erected on the ruins of Error.

It was to contribute towards the erection of the fair temple of Truth that Duff opened, on the 13th of July 1830, the General Assembly's Institution. He had been told by the Committee at home not to set up the college in Calcutta, but in some neighbouring town. He ventured to disobey his instructions. On carefully surveying the field of work, he came to the conclusion, with characteristic decision, that the College, to be useful and influential, must be set up in the capital of British India: and the wonderful success of that College has abundantly justified the wisdom of his choice.

On the first day there were only five boys present. But the eminent abilities of the missionary instructor, and the circumstance that education was given gratuitously, soon filled the school with hundreds of boys. The extensive and varied learning of Duff, the accumulated riches of his information, his powerful eloquence, his peculiar tact in developing the mental powers of his pupils, his boundless energy, the variety of his illustrations when expounding truth and enforcing duty, and,

above all, the enthusiasm for knowledge with which he magnetized his pupils,—all these qualities combined to render him a rare instructor of youth, and to make the General Assembly's Institution highly successful.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST CONVERT.

SHORTLY before Duff's arrival, there had begun among the Hindu youth of Calcutta a moral and religious ferment. Though the spirit of inquiry and of scepticism manifested itself in ancient times in India more, perhaps, than in any other country in the world,—as is shown in the speculations of the various systems of Hindu philosophy,—it must be admitted that the general mind of the people has been always eminently conservative. Religious opinions were handed down from generation to generation, and it never occurred to any one to question their soundness. It was a sufficient proof of their validity that they were ancient, and that they were held by the patriarchs of the Hindu race. The people remained quiescent in their faith; and hitherto there had occurred nothing to disturb their repose. But the initiation of Hindu youth into the mysteries of English literature, science, and philosophy, introduced a disturbing element into

Hindu society. The young men brought up in the Hindu College began to study the works of Bacon, of Locke, of Berkeley, of Hume, of Reid, and of Dugald Stewart. A thorough revolution took place in their ideas. As was not unnatural, the minds of the young men of the Hindu College bounded from one extreme to the other. From implicit faith in the religion of their forefathers they rushed into blank scepticism. They began to reason, to question, to doubt. "Why should we, like our forefathers, believe in the gods? Were not most of the gods immoral in their character? What proof is there of the existence of the gods? What proof is there of the existence of any god? What proof is there that the national religion is not a cunningly-devised fable, palmed off upon an ignorant populace by an interested priesthood? Why should we not eat and drink anything we choose? For what reasons are some sorts of food allowed, and other sorts of food forbidden, in our ancient books? And what is there to prove that the writers of these books were infallible? Is any human being infallible? Why should we blindly follow the dicta of men not wiser than ourselves?"

Such were the questions eagerly asked by the best-educated students of the Hindu College. Though this spirit was the natural consequence of the

contact of the Hindu intellect with Western thought and culture, it would not, perhaps, have been developed so early had its development not been helped by a gifted master of the Hindu College. Henry Louis Vivian Derozio, an East Indian, and second master of the Hindu College, was a young man of excellent parts, of considerable attainments in literature and philosophy, but of a somewhat sceptical turn of mind. Possessed of popular manners, of great powers of persuasion, and of enthusiasm as a teacher, he exercised no little influence upon the students. Indeed, the young men looked upon him as a genius; for he was a poet, and had already published to the world the "Fakeer of Jungheera," and other poems. The class of Derozio in the Hindu College was not the dull and monotonous thing which a class in these days of "cram" is in the Indian Colleges; it was, to compare small things with great, more like the Academus of Plato or the Lyceum of Aristotle. There was free interchange of thought between the professor and the pupils; and the young men were not so much crammed with information, as taught to think and to judge. But as the class-room could not well be turned into an arena of discussion, the students crowded to the house of Derozio, where, under his direction, they read such books as would have been frowned upon by

the College Committee, and where also they freely discussed all sorts of questions, political, social, philosophical, literary, moral, and religious. Derozio's drawing-room proving too confined a place for these discussions, the young men got up, about the year 1828, a debating society, which they called the Academic Association, or the Academy. In this grove of Academus—and the debating society had a garden attached to it, it being held on the premises now occupied by the Wards' Institution—did the choice spirits of Young Calcutta hold forth, week after week, on the social, moral, and religious questions of the day. The general tone of the discussions was a decided revolt against existing religious institutions. The Hindu mind, conservative for a hundred generations, had suddenly become, not only liberal, but ultra-radical. The young lions of the Academy roared out, week after week, "Down with Hinduism! down with orthodoxy!" So great was the interest taken in these discussions, that the meetings were sometimes attended by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, and the Private Secretary of the Governor-General. In a short time the young reformers thought the Academic Association too contracted a theatre for the display of their powers, and they resolved to print. Under the direction of Derozio they started a periodical, called the *Partho-*

non; which, however, was soon discontinued by the orders of the College authorities.

It was shortly after this that Alexander Duff arrived in Calcutta. He noticed the situation, carefully watched the revolution which was taking place before his eyes, and resolved to give it a wholesome direction. Consulting with his missionary brethren,—to whom, though older in years and longer in the field than he, the idea had not occurred,—he organized a course of lectures on Christianity, which were to be delivered by himself, by Mr. Adam of the London Missionary Society, by Mr. Hill of the same Society, and by Mr. Dealtry, afterwards Bishop of Madras. The introductory lecture of the course was delivered by Mr. Hill to a large and attentive audience of educated Hindus, in August 1830, only two months after Duff's arrival in the country. That lecture fell like a bombshell among the College authorities. The orthodox Hindu members of the College Committee took the alarm. They thought that the religion of their fathers was in danger, and that the students would soon become Christians They therefore ruled that any student who attended the lectures on Christianity would incur their serious displeasure. The lectures were of course discontinued, as there was no audience. But free thought was

never in any age or country smothered in this summary fashion. The band of reformers raised a loud outcry against the despotism and bigotry of the College Committee. Debating societies were multiplied, in which bigotry, high-handed tyranny, superstition, and Hindu orthodoxy were denounced in no measured terms. Recourse was also had to the press. Two leading spirits of the band of young reformers started two newspapers, the *Enquirer* and the *Gyananeshan* —the former written in English, and the latter in Bengali—and in both the national religion was ridiculed.

The *Enquirer* was edited by Krishna Mohan Banerjea, who left the Hindu College in 1829, and became immediately after a teacher in Mr. Hare's school. Krishna Mohan, who is the sole survivor of that noble band of young men of whom we are now speaking, was by far the most effective in his denunciations of Hinduism. To the scholarship which they all had he added a strong intellect, boundless energy, untiring industry, an ardent temperament, and a keen sense of the ludicrous. Week after week he put, in the columns of the *Enquirer*, the orthodox Hindus into the pillory. Deeming the columns of his paper not wide enough for the exercise of his satirical powers, he published a drama, which he named the "Persecuted," in which he showed, with

much wit and sarcasm, that those members of the Hindu community who passed for orthodox were in reality hypocrites, and that, in truth, there was no such thing as caste. He thus became, amongst the band of reformers, the most uncompromising denouncer of the national superstition. His house became the resort of those young men who had perceived the absurdity of the national religion, and were breaking through the fetters of caste. An incident occurred in his house in August 1831 which greatly excited the orthodox Hindus, and made Krishna Mohan the object of persecution. One evening, when he was not at home, his friends as usual went into his room, and entered into friendly discussion. As all of them were denouncing caste, one of them proposed that they should give a practical proof of their sincerity by eating beef, which is the Hindu's abomination. Beef was accordingly brought from a shop, and put upon the table. Every one present ate a little of it; but as that meat is not palatable to a Hindu, a good deal remained uneaten. A mischievous fellow proposed that the uneaten portion should be thrown on the premises of the next door neighbour, a Brahman of the orthodox stamp. The proposal was accepted; the meat was flung into the yard of the Brahman's house, amidst shouts of "Beef! beef! beef!" The consequences may be

imagined. All Calcutta was excited. The horror and indignation of the Hindus knew no bounds. Krishna Mohan was asked by his relatives either to abjure his heretical opinions and practices, or to leave the house. He chose the latter alternative. For one month he lived in the house of a friend. He then took lodgings in the European part of the town. It was at this time that Duff got acquainted with Krishna Mohan, and gradually unfolded to him and to others the glorious plan of salvation, in a course of weekly lectures which he delivered in his own house. The result was that Krishna Mohan was convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, and was admitted by Duff, in November 1832, into the Church of Christ by the rite of baptism. The Rev. Dr. Krishna Mohan Banerjea is still in the midst of us, in the full vigour of his intellect. May he be spared to the Church in Bengal for many more years to come, to guide it by his counsel and to edify it by his writings!

Mr. Duff's life, from the day on which he set foot on Indian soil till the day of his final departure in 1863, was a life of ceaseless labour and untiring application. Neither was his work mere routine, humdrum sort of work. From the beginning he aimed high. Like the apostle Paul, he entertained an exalted idea of the office of an ambassador of Christ, and regarded it as

more dignified and honourable than the office of ambassadors of kings and emperors. Filled with a sense of the dignity of his office and the importance of his mission, he often spoke and wrote with a dignity and a loftiness of bearing which thoughtless men mistook for pride, but which was as unlike pride as heaven is unlike earth. He always worked in the high places of the field; and his commanding talents, his burning eloquence, and his lofty enthusiasm extorted the respect and admiration of persons who had not the slightest sympathy with the great work in which he was engaged.

Besides his labours in the General Assembly's Institution, where, with admirable patience, he sat daily for hours teaching Hindu boys the elements of knowledge and the rudiments of religion, he delivered in his own house weekly lectures on religion, which were attended by most of the educated youth of Calcutta. For the communication of religious intelligence, and for combating infidelity in high places, he, in combination with other missionaries, started the *Calcutta Christian Observer*, to which he contributed largely. It was during these early years that he wrote in that periodical a series of articles, which were afterwards published in the form of a book, on what was called the Romanizing system, the object of which was to express, according to the system of Sir William Jones,

the letters of the vernaculars of India by the Roman character. His coadjutors in this work were Mr. (now Sir) Charles Trevelyan and the late Dr. Yates of the Baptist Missionary Society; and the system which they advocated was nicknamed by some of the Calcutta newspapers of the day as the system of Trevelyan, Duff & Co. It was also through Duff's exertions that the Calcutta Missionary Conference was established,—a body which still meets every month, and exercises a beneficial influence on the cause of missions in India. Nor should it be forgotten that, in addition to these varied labours, he had for a whole year the sole charge, after the departure of Dr. Bryce to Scotland on furlough, of St. Andrew's Church, where his ministrations were so highly valued that the congregation besought him to leave mission work and to become a chaplain on the ecclesiastical establishment of the East India Company. But Duff, who regarded a missionary as the true successor of the Apostles, declined the offer the moment it was made to him, refusing to take time to think over the subject, as they most earnestly entreated him to do. Worn out by unceasing and arduous labours, his health completely broke down, and in July 1834 he had to be carried, more dead than alive, on board the ship which was to take him to his native country.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW A BENGALI BOY FROM THE VILLAGES GOT HIS FIRST SIGHT OF DUFF.

AS one of the objects of this book is to give to the reader some idea of the good which the Christian Colleges established in India by his countrymen are doing to its people, I purpose to describe in this chapter the manner in which a Bengali boy found his way into the General Assembly's Institution, and to note in occasional chapters the progress he made and the encouragements and discouragements he met with in the course of his education. And I hope and trust I shall not be charged with egotistical vanity if it should turn out that the Bengali boy is none other than the present writer himself; for my object is to give, if possible, a life-like picture, and no picture can be so life-like as that drawn from personal experience.

I was born in a small village in the district of Burdwan. My father, who did business in Calcutta,

remained there eleven months in the year, and came to the village at the time of the Durga Puja, or festival, and stayed about a month. But in the year in which I completed my fifth year he made a longer stay in the village, chiefly because he was anxious that I should be initiated into the mysteries of reading and writing. My father was an orthodox Hindu of the Vaishnava persuasion. He never ate any other than vegetable food in his life. He rigidly abstained not only from butcher-meat, but even from fish. Of drinks he took nothing but water and milk. He was diligent in the practice of all his religious duties: every day in the year he used to bathe early in the morning, after which he spent about an hour in his devotions, in which, so far as my recollection serves me, the sacred basil plant and a copper vessel of a peculiar shape played an important part; then followed the counting of the bead-roll, at least once through—that is to say, one hundred and eight times. No day of his life did he ever eat or drink anything without going through all this process. At night he spent two or three hours in telling his beads; and every hour of the day were heard from his lips ejaculations like the following, "Rama!" "Krishna!" "Radha!" "Govind!" "Hari!" Such an earnestly religious man as he was could not engage in any important undertaking without invoking the blessing of the

gods; and as he looked upon the education of a child as a momentous affair, he resolved that I should not begin to learn the Bengáli alphabet without the celebration of a religious ceremony, and especially a solemn invocation of Sarasvati, the goddess of wisdom, without whose blessing, he believed, no man can acquire knowledge. The astrologers were consulted, and an auspicious day was fixed upon. On that day a solemn service was held, at which the family priest officiated. At this distance of time I do not remember the details of the ceremony, but thus much I recollect: that I put on new clothes; that I had to repeat some words; that I had to bow down several times with my head to the ground; that presents were sent to the schoolmaster of the village, who was to teach me; and that a piece of ochre was put into my hand. I was thus solemnly and religiously commended to the especial favour of the goddess of learning. I attended the village school for about four years, and made some progress in writing and arithmetic, the two subjects to which great attention was paid in those days in the vernacular schools of Bengal.

When I was nine years old my father, in his letters, often dwelt on the necessity of taking me to Calcutta to give me an English education. As I was always present when the letters were read to my mother,

I remember the arguments he made use of to induce her to let me go to Calcutta. A knowledge of English, he said, was necessary to enable a man to earn a competence in life. People ignorant of English no doubt got berths, but berths to which only paltry salaries were attached. He felt his own want of English every day, and was therefore resolved to remedy that defect in the education of his son. He did not wish to give me what is called high education,—*that* he considered to be useless; for, in his opinion, real wisdom was not to be found within the range of English literature, it being confined to the Sanskrit alone, which is the language of the gods. But for secular purposes, for gaining a decent livelihood, a knowledge of the English language was absolutely necessary, as that was the language of the rulers of the land. My mother was intelligent enough to feel the force of these arguments, but her feelings struggled against her judgment. She could not be persuaded for a long time to part with me. My father wrote again and again, and in each letter dwelt on the necessity of my going to Calcutta. My mother was obliged, at last, with a heavy heart, to submit to my father's decision. As my father was a religious man, he directed that the family priest and the village astrologer should be consulted for the fixing of an auspicious day on which I should

start on my journey, and that I should leave the house after the celebration of religious solemnities.

The family priest and the astrologer came one day to our house. My horoscope was spread out before them. They then plunged into abstruse calculations, an iota of which I did not then understand, and shall never understand. They fixed not only the auspicious day, but the auspicious hour on which I should start on my journey. The time they determined upon was an hour and a half before sunrise. The family priest, addressing me, said, "Bábá [son], the hour for starting on your journey is splendidly auspicious. The sun, moon, stars, planets, are all propitious! The gods will bless you, and Madan Mohan"—the name of our tutelary god, who was worshipped twice a day in our house by the family priest, and whose image was kept in a separate room for the purpose—"Madan Mohan will befriend you." The astrologer, addressing my mother, said, "Mother, it is the most auspicious day I have ever calculated. Your son will be a learned and rich man. The gods bless him!" My mother said, in a mournful voice, "I do not want my son to be either learned or rich. Give your benedictions that he may be spared to me." The day before the auspicious morn my mother spent in sighing and weeping. Three of my aunts, who lived in adjacent houses,

often came and reasoned with my mother, alleging that weeping at such a time was not proper—indeed, it was ominous. My poor mother did her best to suppress her tears in their presence. That night she had not a wink of sleep. She tossed from one side of her bed to the other, and every now and then hugged me to her bosom, as I was sleeping in the same bed with her. Two hours before dawn I was awakened by my mother. She had already struck a light, and set in order the materials for a religious ceremony. I got up, washed my eyes and face, and put on clean clothes. Half an hour after, the family priest knocked at the outer door, and was admitted; my three aunts, and other women of the neighbourhood, also came into the house. The family priest sat on a small carpet, and I sat on another opposite him, my mother and the other women all standing. The priest uttered several prayers, not a syllable of which, of course, did I understand. I had only to bow down, touching the ground with my forehead. The priest dipped his finger into some curds, and touched that part of my forehead between the eyebrows; after which he stood up and walked out of the room, directing me to follow him, and repeating the words, "*Sri Hari! Sri Hari! Sri Hari!*"—meaning, Glory to Hari, or the god Krishna. After leaving the room, I was told to bow down at the feet

of my mother. I next proceeded to the door of the room in which resided Madan Mohan, the family god, and I bowed myself down. I then left the house, the family priest going before me, and my mother and the other women coming behind. I was told to go on to the outskirts of the village without looking behind; for to look back on starting on a journey is deemed unpropitious. What my poor mother did at the moment I did not see, for I could not look back, but I thought I heard the sound of her weeping, and I afterwards learned that she was carried away by main force from that pathetic scene by my aunts. The family priest led me out of the village to the side of a tank, near which, under a tree, were sitting six or seven people whom I knew, and who also were going to Calcutta. Near them stood the cicerone who was to be the guide of the party. The family priest then went away, after blessing me by putting his hand on my head, and consigning me to the care and protection of the household god. As the stars had not yet disappeared from the heavens, and as it was not safe in those days to travel either very early in the morning or very late in the evening, on account of club-men skulking about in the fields or in the bushes with a view to waylay travellers, we sat for some time under the tree. The stars, however, began soon to disappear, red streaks became visible

in the glowing east, and we all felt that the chariot of the god of day was not much below the horizon. The party therefore rose, and began their journey, each repeating the formula, "*Sri Hari! Sri Hari! Sri Hari!*" or, "*Sri Durga! Sri Durga! Sri Durga!*" according as he was of the Vaishnava or the Sákta persuasion.

It is not my intention to give a description of my first journey to Calcutta, especially as it was not marked by any striking incidents. Suffice it to say that I reached Calcutta on the third day. I had scarcely been there a month when I had a violent attack of diarrhœa, from which I had hardly recovered when I was laid prostrate by a severe form of fever. It was after I had completely recovered from the effects of this fever that my father wished to put me to school. There were at that time—that is, in the year 1834—four principal schools in Calcutta,—the Hindu College, the General Assembly's Institution, the School Society's School, usually called Hare's School, and the Oriental Seminary. The question was, Into which of these four schools should I be put? My father did not take a long time to decide,—indeed, he had decided the question in his own mind before he sent for me from the village. The schooling fee of every boy in the Hindu College was then, I understand, five rupees or ten

shillings a month, and in the Oriental Seminary three rupees or six shillings; and as my father was not at the time in good circumstances, he did not entertain the idea of putting me into either of these schools. As to the School Society's School, Mr. Hare was so particular in admitting boys, that my father did not think it worth his while to make any attempt to get me admitted into it. There remained then the General Assembly's Institution, where education was given gratuitously, and an education, too, my father was told by some of his friends, the best that could then be obtained anywhere in India. But there was one serious drawback. Mr. Duff was a most zealous missionary; he made no secret of it, but publicly avowed that his chief object in setting up the Institution was to instruct Hindu youth in the principles of the Christian religion. He had already appeared as a public lecturer on Christianity, and his lectures had taken Calcutta by storm. These lectures had not only created a great sensation in the Hindu community, but they had brought to the Christian faith one of the brightest and best educated youth of the city. Only a year and a half before, Mr. Duff had baptized Krishna Mohan Banerjea; and the conversion of Krishna Banda, as he was then universally called, had produced a tremendous impression on the Hindu community. "Is

it right—is it expedient," argued some of my father's friends, "to imperil the religion of your son by putting him for education into the hands of so zealous a missionary,—of a man whose avowed object is to *eat* the religion of young Hindus,—of a man who has already succeeded in *eating* the religion of some young men?" My father brought, I remember,—for the subject was again and again discussed in my hearing after I had arrived in Calcutta,—two arguments to meet the above objection. In the first place, he said he had observed that, though Mr. Duff was a very zealous missionary, he never baptized young boys who were unacquainted with the Christian religion, but baptized those only who had studied English for at least seven or eight years; that he did not intend to make a learned man of me, but to give me as much knowledge of English as would enable me to obtain a decent situation; and that long before I was able to understand lectures on Christianity, he would withdraw me from the Institution, and put me into some office. And in the second place,—and this was, in my father's opinion, the stronger of the two arguments, as, like all Hindus, he was a stanch fatalist,—my father replied, that what was written on one's forehead must be fulfilled, all precautions notwithstanding. He expatiated on the stern and unalterable decrees of fate, and con-

cluded a somewhat metaphysical speech with the following peroration:—"If it be written on my son's forehead that he will *not* become Christian, then he will *not* become Christian, let Duff Saheb do what he can; but if it be written on my son's forehead that he *will* become a Christian, then he *will* become a Christian, do what I can." This was a perfect settler; and my father accordingly resolved to put me into the General Assembly's Institution.

It was some day in the year 1834—I do not remember the month or the day of the month—that I accompanied my father to the General Assembly's Institution, which was held in a house on the Upper Chitpore Road at Jorasanko, familiarly known as *Feringi* Kamal Bose's house. This house is a historical one, as it is associated with the educational and religious reform of the people of Bengal. It was in this house that the Hindu College was held for some time. It was in this house that Ram Mohan Raya inaugurated his reforms in the national system of religion by the establishment of the Brahma Samaj. And it was in this house, too, that Alexander Duff laid the foundation of Christian education in India. As I have mentioned the name of Ram Mohan Raya in connection with the General Assembly's Institution, I may take this opportunity to state that in the establishment of his school, Mr.

Duff was somewhat indebted to that distinguished Bengali, with whom the Scottish missionary was on terms of intimacy, though they held very different views on the subject of religion. When Duff expressed to Ram Mohan Raya his intention of setting up a school, the latter, who had a school of his own, promised to give to the former all the assistance in his power. And he was true to his word. He procured for Duff, *Feringi* Kamal Bose's house at a moderate rent; he supplied him with the five boys with whom he began his school; and when the school was opened, Ram Mohan Raya not only visited it often, but used his influence in inducing his countrymen to send their sons to it for education. As a striking instance of Ram Mohan Raya's catholicity of spirit, I may state that when Duff spoke to him on the desirableness of beginning the school every day with a short prayer, the Hindu reformer not only agreed with the Christian missionary, but proposed that every morning at ten o'clock the Lord's Prayer should be repeated in the presence of all the boys assembled in the hall of the Institution, as he knew no other prayer more comprehensive in its range, better suited to the wants of man, and more beautiful in its devotion.

Though, I believe, Duff took in every boy that applied for admission to his school, my father was

under the impression, common to a great many people, that if he took to the missionary teacher a letter of recommendation from some influential gentleman, I should be better looked after than without such a letter. Under this impression he had procured a letter of recommendation from the eldest son of Ram Mohan Raya. Whether this letter was delivered to Duff or not I do not remember; indeed, I do not remember that I had a sight that day (I mean, the day of my admission into the Institution) of the great *padre*, whose name had already become a household word in every Hindu home in Calcutta. All that I remember is, that my name was entered in the roll of the Institution. I may mention that at the time I was admitted into the school, I did not know the English alphabet—indeed, could not distinguish A from B; that I never went to any other school, and that I got all my education in the General Assembly's Institution alone.

It was about a month after I had been admitted into the Institution, that I caught a near view of the illustrious missionary. He came into the class-room while we were engaged in reading the first page of the "First Instructor,"—the first of a series of class-books compiled by himself; and though forty-four years have elapsed since the occurrence of the incident, my recollection of it is as vivid as if it had

happened only yesterday. I cannot say he walked into the class-room—he *rushed* into it, his movements in those days being exceedingly rapid. He was dressed all in black, and wore a beard. He scarcely stood still for a single second, but kept his feet and his hands moving incessantly, like a horse of high mettle. He seemed to have more life in him than most men. He had his white pocket-handkerchief in his hand, which he was every now and then tying round his arm, and twisting into a thousand shapes. He seemed to be a living personation of perpetual motion. But what attracted my notice most was the constant shrugging of his shoulders,—a habit which he afterwards left off, but which he had at that time in full perfection. In our lesson there occurred the word "ox:" he took hold of that word, and catechized us on it for about half an hour. He asked us (the master interpreting his English to us in Bengali) whether we had seen an ox; how many legs it had; whether it had any hands; whether we had any tails, &c., to the infinite entertainment of us all. From the ox he passed on to the "cow," and asked us of what use the animal was. The reader may rest assured that he did not speak before Hindu boys of the use made of the flesh of the cow, but dwelt chiefly on milk, cream, and curds. He ended, however, with a moral lesson. He knew that

the word for a cow in Bengali was *goru*, and he asked whether we knew another Bengali word which was very like it in sound. I was stupid enough not to know what he meant; but a sharp class-fellow quickly said that he knew its paronym, and that it was *guru*, which in Bengali means the Brahman spiritual guide. The doctor was quite delighted at the boy's discovery, and asked us of what use the *guru* was, and whether, on the whole, the *goru* was not more useful than the *guru*. He then left our class and went into another, leaving in our minds seeds of future thought and reflection. Such is my earliest recollection of Alexander Duff

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE ORIENTALISTS AND THE ANGLICISTS.

BEFORE Mr. Duff left Calcutta in July 1834 a great battle had begun between two opposing parties in the Committee of Public Instruction,—a battle in which he himself, though an outsider, had taken no mean share; and he had not been a twelvemonth in Scotland, when he heard the joyful news of the victory of that party with whom he thoroughly sympathized. His delight at the successful issue of the contest was so great that he published a pamphlet, entitled "New Era of the English Language and English Literature in India." The contest alluded to was between two parties in the Government Committee of Public Instruction. The one party, called the Orientalists, advocated the communication of Oriental learning through the medium of Sanskrit and Arabic; while the other party, called the Anglicists, advocated the impartation of European literature and science through the medium of the English language. As

both parties were headed by men of great intelligence, the conflict was maintained for a long time, and victory hung in the balance. Towards the close of the campaign, however, there descended into the field a general of consummate ability, whose scathing artillery of logic and sarcasm told with such fearful effect on the ranks of the Orientalists, that they were irretrievably routed: and the victory was so complete that, though more than forty years have since elapsed, they have not been able to rally their forces for a second attempt. The great captain, to whose generalship the victory of the Anglicists was chiefly owing, was Lord Macaulay, the essayist, historian, poet, orator, and statesman. An account, however brief, of this celebrated contest, is essential to a sketch of the Indian career of Dr. Duff.

It was in 1823 that the Committee of Public Instruction was organized by Mr. Adam, some time Governor-General of India, who stated its object to be the "considering and, from time to time, submitting to Government the suggestion of such measures as it may appear expedient to adopt with a view to the better instruction of the people, to the introduction of useful knowledge, including the sciences and arts of Europe, and to the improvement of their moral character." The Committee at first were not overburdened with work, as they had only two

colleges under their supervision,—the Madrissa College of Calcutta, established in 1781 by Warren Hastings; and the Sanskrit College of Benares, projected by the benevolent Jonathan Duncan, Political Resident there. In the following year, however, the Sanskrit College of Calcutta was opened; in 1825 was established the Delhi College, for giving instruction in Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit; and the Hindu College of Calcutta, though originally a private institution, was admitted into the pale of the Committee's patronage. Though English classes were opened in some of the colleges, the labours of the Committee were directed chiefly to the promotion of Oriental learning. As the people were averse to learning Sanskrit and Arabic, pupils were bribed into these studies by stipends tenable for twelve or fifteen years. Large sums of money were spent in the reprinting of Sanskrit and Arabic works, containing, for the most part, an unhealthy literature, questionable ethics, and false science; and equally large sums were spent in translating European works on science into Arabic. An idea of the extent and inutility of the labours of the Committee in this department may be obtained from the following extract from Macaulay's Minute:—"The Committee have thought fit to lay out above a lakh of rupees in printing Arabic and Sanskrit books. These books

find no purchasers. It is very rarely that a single copy is disposed of. Twenty-three thousand volumes, most of them folios and quartos, fill the libraries, or rather the lumber-rooms, of this body. The Committee continue to get rid of some portion of this vast stock of Oriental literature by giving books away. But they cannot give so fast as they print. About twenty thousand rupees a year are spent in adding fresh masses of waste paper to a hoard which, I should think, is sufficiently ample. During the last three years, about sixty thousand rupees have been expended in this manner."

While Government was thus engaged in encouraging the teaching of "false history, false astronomy, false medicine," the instincts of the people themselves were leading them in a different direction. The Hindu College, the General Assembly's Institution, the Oriental Seminary, and other English schools in Calcutta, were creating a thirst for English knowledge. While Arabic and Sanskrit students had to be bribed to learn these languages, the doors of the English schools were crowded with boys begging for admission; while Arabic and Sanskrit books had scarcely a single purchaser, the School-Book Society "sold seven or eight thousand English volumes every year, and not only paid the expenses of printing, but realized a profit of twenty per cent. on its outlay."

Under these circumstances, it was natural that the Committee should be divided in their opinion as to the utility of printing Oriental books which were never sold, and of bribing young men to follow a course of study which was, to say the least, utterly useless. Some of the members advocated the then existing order of things, while others maintained the desirableness and necessity of encouraging English education. In 1834 the operations of the Committee came to a deadlock. No business could be done, as half of the Committee were Orientalists, and the other half Anglicists; and when Government requested the Committee to prepare a scheme of instruction for the Agra College, they could not come to any conclusion, as the Orientalists proposed that the course of instruction should be thoroughly Oriental, while the Anglicists, on the other hand, proposed that it should be thoroughly English. The party of the Orientalists was composed of the Honourable H. Shakespeare, the President, James Prinsep, Thoby Prinsep, W. H. Macnaughten, and Mr. Sutherland, the Secretary; and the party of the Anglicists was composed of Messrs. Bird, Saunders, Bushby, Charles (now Sir Charles) Trevelyan, and J. R. Colvin.

But the battle between Orientalism and Anglicism was fought not only in the rooms of the Committee of Public Instruction; it was fought by outsiders

before the public through the medium of the press. And of these outside combatants none distinguished himself so much as Mr. Duff. Enthusiastic in the cause of English education,—which he believed to be the cause of sound and healthy literature, of true science, and of true religion,—and possessed of a fluent and eloquent pen, he rendered inestimable service to the cause of English education in India. He greatly strengthened the hands of the Anglicists of the Committee of Public Instruction, with some of whom—especially with Sir Charles Trevelyan—he was on terms of familiar intimacy. Were the history of this controversy fully written, it would be found that the services which Duff rendered at this crisis were second only to those of Macaulay himself.

From the beginning, the Orientalist party of the Committee of Public Instruction had taken high ground. They maintained that the course which they had hitherto pursued had been prescribed by the British Parliament in the Act for the renewal of the Charter in 1813, when a lakh of rupees was set apart, to use the words of the Act, "*for the revival and promotion of literature, and the encouragement of the learned natives of India,* and for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories." The Orientalists laid particular stress on the words

italicized. By *literature* they understood Arabic and Sanskrit literature; and by the phrase, *the learned natives of India*, they understood only Sanskrit and Arabic scholars: and they therefore contended that, in order to change the operations of the Committee of Public Instruction, a legislative enactment rescinding that particular clause of the Charter Act would be necessary. As the colour and complexion of the system of Indian education depended on the interpretation of a few words in an Act of Parliament, the matter was naturally referred by Lord William Bentinck to the law member of the Council,—an office created a few months before at the renewal of the Charter in 1833. Fortunately for India, the law member of Council at that time—and he was the first law member of Council — was Thomas Babington Macaulay, who entered into the subject with his usual ability, and indited a Minute which created an era in the history of education in India.

The celebrated Minute of Macaulay is dated 2nd February 1835. Without any preface he plunges into the middle of things, and at once seizes the bull by the horns. "It does not appear to me," says he, "that the Act of Parliament can, by any art of construction, be made to bear the meaning which has been assigned to it....It is argued, or rather taken for granted, that by 'literature' the Parliament can have

meant only Sanskrit and Arabic literature; that they never would have given the honourable appellation of 'a learned native' to a native who was familiar with the poetry of Milton, the metaphysics of Locke, and the physics of Newton, but that they meant to designate by that name only such persons as might have studied in the sacred books of the Hindus all the uses of *cusa-grass*, and all the mysteries of absorption into the deity. This does not appear to me to be a very satisfactory interpretation. To take a parallel case: suppose that the Pacha of Egypt, a country once superior in knowledge to the natives of Europe, but now sunk far below them, were to appropriate a sum for the purpose of 'reviving and promoting literature, and encouraging learned natives of Egypt,' would anybody infer that he meant the youth of his pachalic to give years to the study of hieroglyphics, to search into all the doctrines disguised under the fable of Osiris, and to ascertain with all possible accuracy the ritual with which cats and onions were anciently adored?" But granting, though not admitting, that the Parliament meant by "literature" Arabic and Sanskrit literature, and by "learned natives" Arabic and Sanskrit scholars, Macaulay argues that the words which follow, namely, "for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British

territories," seem to be quite decisive on the other side.

The Orientalist party had argued that the public faith had been pledged to the cultivation of Oriental literature, and that any diversion of the fund set apart for that object would be "downright spoliation." To this Macaulay answers:—"We found a sanitarium on a spot which we suppose to be healthy. Do we thereby pledge ourselves to keep a sanitarium there, if the result should not answer our expectation?.....Suppose that Government had in the last century enacted, in the most solemn manner, that all its subjects should, to the end of time, be inoculated for the small-pox, would that Government be bound to persist in the practice after Jenner's discovery?" Owing to these reasons, Macaulay held "the Governor-General as free to direct that it [the sum of one lakh of rupees] shall no longer be employed in encouraging Arabic and Sanskrit, as he is to direct that the reward for killing tigers in Mysore shall be diminished, or that no more public money shall be expended on the chanting at the cathedral."

The illustrious minute-writer now comes to what he justly calls the "gist of the argument." We have a fund to be employed for the intellectual improvement of the people of India. That improvement cannot be effected through the medium of the verna-

culars, as they are acknowledged on all hands to be exceedingly poor in literature. What language, then, should be the medium of instruction? The Orientalists answer, Arabic and Sanskrit; the Anglicists, English. The whole seems to Macaulay to be, "Which language is the best worth knowing?" After passing the well-known and oft-quoted eulogium on the English language, he says:—"The question now before us is simply whether, when it is in our power to teach this language [that is, the English language], we shall teach languages in which, by universal confession, there are no books on any subject which deserve to be compared with our own; whether, when we can teach European science, we shall teach systems which, by universal confession, whenever they differ from those of Europe, differ for the worse; and whether, when we can patronize sound philosophy and true history, we shall countenance, at the public expense, medical doctrines which would disgrace an English farrier—astronomy which would move laughter in girls at an English boarding-school—history abounding with kings thirty feet high, and reigns thirty thousand years long—and geography made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter."

Lord William Bentinck adopted Macaulay's views, and recorded the famous Resolution, dated 7th March 1835, which began with the memorable words:—

"*His Lordship in Council is of opinion that the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science amongst the natives of India, and that all the funds appropriated for the purposes of education would be best employed on English education alone.*" It is singular that, when this resolution of the Governor-General was midway on its passage from India to England, Duff should, in his Assembly speech, which he delivered on 25th May 1835, have emphatically said,—"The English language, I repeat it, is the lever which, as the instrument of conveying the entire range of knowledge, is destined to move all Hindustan."

CHAPTER VI.

THE INSTITUTION DURING DUFF'S ABSENCE.

AFTER Duff's departure for Scotland, the superintendence of the General Assembly's Institution devolved on his colleague, the Rev. William Sinclair Mackay, who had joined the Mission in 1831, just one year after its establishment. Of this highly-gifted missionary I saw scarcely anything at the time of which I am now speaking; but I shall have to say a good deal of him and of his varied accomplishments in a subsequent part of these Recollections, when I come to the period in which I had the inestimable privilege of sitting at his feet for instruction. Dr. Mackay was ably assisted in the work of the Institution by Mr. Clift, a lay teacher, with whom we in the lower classes oftener came in contact than with the amiable and accomplished missionary at the head of the College. And here let me mention an anecdote of Mr. Clift, which fell within the ken of my observation. There were two class-fellows of mine who

were brothers, and who rejoiced in the names of Bhima and Pandarya. Bhima was of a gentle and quiet disposition; but his brother Pandarya overflowed with energy, had a deal of pluck and courage, and was at the bottom of every *row* in the class. Living in Flag Street, in the midst of English sailors, the two brothers spoke English infinitely better than the rest of the boys in the class. For myself, I could hardly express one idea in English: and no wonder, for I had read only a few pages of the "First Instructor," and had not *seen* an Englishman during the first eight years of my life. I used therefore to look upon Bhima and Pandarya as perfect prodigies. One day our master was absent from school. Mr. Clift, with the invariable stick in his hand, came into the class-room, and asked us where our teacher was, in English, as he was unacquainted with the Bengali language. Most of us gave no answer, as we did not understand the question. Pandarya stood up and said, "Sir, our master has not come to-day." Mr. Clift was apparently struck with the boy's answer and his knowledge of English, said something to him which I did not understand, and forthwith promoted him to a higher class. As Pandarya was by no means the dux of the class, we set ourselves up as critics, made many remarks on the promotion, and put Mr. Clift down as a very rash and whimsical person.

Shortly after Duff's departure, we heard a rumour to the effect that the Rev. David Ewart had left Scotland, and was coming to join the Institution. As the Overland route, *via* Suez, had not then been organized, and as all Englishmen came to India *via* Cape of Good Hope, it was several months after we heard the rumour that we had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Ewart personally. About that time the annual public distribution of prizes to the students took place, and as all our prize-books had on their covering the word "Reward" in gilt letters, we boys, in our simplicity, thought that the name of the missionary gentleman who was coming to join the Institution was Reward, and that his name had been printed on all our prize-books as a compliment to him! One day the report spread through the classes that Mr. Ewart, whom we had mistaken for Mr. Reward, had not only arrived in Calcutta, but was in the Institution. Great was my desire to have a look at him. My curiosity was soon gratified, as he was taken round the classes. I have a distinct recollection of Mr. Ewart as I saw him for the first time forty-three years ago. He was a tall young man, about six feet high, well-built, stalwart, bolt upright; though his complexion was fair, his cheeks were ruddy; he had a high forehead, and a benignant aspect; he seemed to be about five and twenty: on

the whole, he appeared to be a man exceedingly lovable, and I felt I could, without the slightest hesitation, go up to him and talk to him,—a thing which I, at that age, could hardly think of doing to any European. The stalwart young man, who was afterwards to bear for some time, unaided, the burden of the largest educational institution in Asia on his Atlantean shoulders, *walked* every day to school from his house somewhere near Wellington Square; and I remember I was struck with the fact of his walking instead of driving in a carriage, as I thought Europeans were too noble to make use of their legs for purposes of locomotion.

Before bidding adieu to *Feringi* Kamal Bose's house—for the Institution was removed the following year to another part of the town—I may mention an anecdote of my school life. I was at that time reading in the "Third Instructor," and the elements of grammar and geography. Our master, who was an East Indian, besides explaining to us every difficulty in the lessons, and endeavouring to assist in the development of our faculties of observation and reflection—a point much insisted on by Duff in his system of teaching—was also anxious to cultivate in us the important faculty of memory. With this view he used to encourage us in committing to memory many passages from the "Third Instructor." With

our master's permission we boys used to challenge one another to recite two or three pages without making a single mistake; and the boy who failed had to give to the successful boy a few coppers according to the number of pages recited. This was a private arrangement in the class, made without the knowledge of the missionary superintendent of the Institution. As I had a good memory when a boy, I could repeat many pages without making a single mistake, and used therefore to get a good many coppers from those who accepted my challenge and failed in the mnemonic contest. But let not the reader imagine that I took the money home. Every coin that any successful competitor gained was spent, during the tiffin hour, in buying sweetmeats for the boys of our class, which we all devoured with infinite zest. It is questionable whether the sweetmeats did us any good so far as the stomach was concerned, but the exercises greatly improved my power of memory.

In 1836 the Institution was removed to a larger house, usually called Gora Chand Basak's house, at Garanhata, as there was not in the old house sufficient accommodation for the increased number of pupils. From an educational point of view this house is exceedingly interesting, as it has successively been the local habitation of three of the best schools in the

country,—the Hindu College, the General Assembly's Institution, and the Oriental Seminary.

Though I was, at the time, nobody in the school, being in one of the lowest classes, I well remember the annual examination, which was held in October 1836 in the Town Hall. Now-a-days we have no annual public examination, but only distribution of prizes; but in the days of which I am now speaking, the distribution of prizes to meritorious students was accompanied by a close and searching *vivâ voce* examination of all the pupils, which lasted not unfrequently for five or six hours. The public annual examination of the General Assembly's Institution in the year 1836 was a grand affair. Amongst the visitors who went to witness the interesting ceremony was the Honourable Miss Eden, the sister of Lord Auckland, accompanied by a part of the Governor-General's suite. There were besides two or three members of the Governor-General's Council, a good many representatives of the mercantile community, and all the Calcutta missionaries. The examination of the classes was diversified by the reading of essays written by some of the more advanced pupils. The subject of the first essay was "The Evils of Caste," and that of the second, "The Supremacy of Conscience." The Honourable Miss Eden, who showed the liveliest interest in the pro-

ceedings of the day, took away with her the essays, and she spoke of them in such high terms that her brother, Lord Auckland, was induced to read them; and his Lordship wrote a letter to the Rev. Dr. Charles, the senior chaplain of St. Andrew's Church, Calcutta, in which he expressed the high gratification which the perusal of the essays had given him. As for Miss Eden, she was so greatly delighted with the performances of the juvenile essayists that she sent to them, as tokens of her satisfaction, two splendidly bound books—Brown's "Lectures on Mental Philosophy" to the one, and Mitchell's "Portable Encyclopædia" to the other.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is often but one step: of this saying the reader will perhaps be reminded when I descend from Lord Auckland and Miss Eden to speak about myself and my little concerns. I should be glad if I am thought only ridiculous, for I much fear the reader will think me a great deal worse when he hears what I have to say about myself; he will probably take me to be vain. But I decline the soft impeachment; for vanity is the besetting sin of youth, and I am over fifty. But what need is there of all this preface? let me out with it at once. I have said that I was nobody in the school, but though nobody in the school I was somebody in my own class,—indeed, at the annual

examination of 1836 I obtained the highest prize in the eighth class. At the beginning of the new session, as the first class was abolished, or rather was called the monitorial class, our class became the seventh. The prize-boys were again promoted, so I went to the sixth class. With this promotion, however, my ambition was not satisfied. I applied to my master for further promotion, and begged of him to put me into the fifth class.* The master laughed at my request, and my class-fellows called me conceited. I pressed my master, however, to submit my application to Mr. Ewart. As the master liked me, he complied with my request. Mr. Ewart came to the class, looked at me, shook his head, and said that as I was the youngest boy in the class he would not like to give me further promotion. But I persisted in my application, and said,—"Sir, please examine me, and if you don't find me fit, don't promote me." Mr. Ewart was kind enough to comply with the request. I was emboldened to make this request, as, during the vacation which followed the annual examination, I had read by myself up to the standard of the fifth class. Mr. Ewart then examined me in the books of the fifth class, and finding the result satisfactory, he put me at once into that class; and, kind and fatherly man that he was, he began to take such interest in me that he now and then came into the class purposely

to see how I was doing; and I shall never forget the benignant smile with which he looked at me one day when he saw me sitting near the top of the class. Never was there so kind, considerate, and fatherly an instructor as David Ewart. I shall never see his like again.

In January 1837 the General Assembly's Institution was visited by Lord Auckland and the Misses Eden. The boys had been told the day before of the Governor-General's intended visit, and we all came dressed in our holiday's best. I have a vivid recollection of the carriage and four, of the postillions and the troopers, as they drew up in the street in front of the door of the Institution. His Excellency and the ladies were received at the door by the Rev. Dr. Charles, senior chaplain of St. Andrew's Church, Calcutta. I confess I was disappointed when I had a sight of the Governor-General, as he stood for a minute before the class. As a boy, I had expected him to be magnificently dressed like an Oriental prince, blazing all over with gold and diamonds. Judge then of my surprise when there stood before me a plainly-dressed English gentleman, with nothing, so far as I could see, to distinguish him from the rest of the company, and I was told that this was the gentleman whose word was obeyed from the banks of the Indus to those of the Brahmaputra, and from

Comorin to the foot of the Himalaya. I could hardly believe the statement, it seemed so contrary to all ideas of propriety. I was told that the Governor-General witnessed the examination of one or two of the higher classes by the missionaries in charge of the Institution, the Rev. Messrs. Mackay and Ewart, and that he expressed himself greatly delighted at the progress the pupils had made in English literature and science. In common with my class-fellows, I was disappointed that his Excellency did not examine our class, but merely looked at us for a minute, and then passed on to another.

A month after this—that is, about the end of February 1837—I witnessed a ceremony of which I have a lively recollection, as I was present on the spot in which it was performed. This was the laying of the foundation-stone of the General Assembly's Institution in Cornwallis Square. The eloquent pleadings of Duff in Scotland on behalf of his mission in Calcutta had stirred up the missionary zeal of the National Church, and large sums of money were flowing into the mission fund. It was therefore resolved to purchase a site on which to erect buildings for the Institution and the residence of the principal. The stone was laid by Mr. Macfarlan, then Chief Magistrate of Calcutta, after prayer had been offered up by the Rev. Dr. Charles. In the stone was en-

closed a bottle containing some coins, some of the English and Bengali newspapers of the day, and an inscription. The inscription was as follows:—

"The foundation-stone of this building, for the use of the Mission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, was laid this twenty-third of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, the Right Honourable George Lord Auckland being Governor-General of India, by David Macfarlan, Esq., Chief Magistrate of Calcutta, under the direction of the Corresponding Board in connection with the Committee of the General Assembly for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, consisting of the following members—namely, the Honourable A. Ross, Esq.; D. Macfarlan, Esq.; J. F. M. Reid, Esq.; J. C. Wilson, Esq.; John Grant, Esq.; John Stewart, Esq.; W. Mackenzie, Esq.; Rev. James Charles; Rev. A. Duff, D.D.; Rev. W. S. Mackay; Rev. David Ewart. The school, for the accommodation of which this building is provided, was formed by the Rev. A. Duff, D.D., the General Assembly's first missionary to India, in the month of August 1830; is at present superintended and taught by the Rev. W. S. Mackay and the Rev. D. Ewart, also the Assembly's missionaries, and consists of upwards of seven hundred boys. The building, which is to be styled *The General Assembly's Institution*, was

designed by Mr. John Gray, erected by Messrs. Burn and Co., builders in Calcutta, and superintended by Captain John Thomson, of the Honourable East India Company's Engineers. May the Almighty Architect of the universe prosper the Institution, and render it subservient to the diffusion of sound knowledge, and pure and undefiled religion, among the natives of India, and to the promotion of His own glory!"

The history of the General Assembly's Institution, now forty-eight years old, abundantly shows that the prayer with which the above inscription concludes has been fully answered. The Institution has communicated sound and useful knowledge to many thousands of the youth of Bengal; it has imparted the inestimable blessings of Christianity to some hundreds of converts, who are adorning the doctrine of their God and Saviour by leading consistent lives, and most of whom are, either directly or indirectly, engaged in the glorious work of proclaiming the everlasting gospel, not only to their own countrymen, but to other inhabitants of India; and it has thus promoted in its own sphere the glory of God in the highest.

Early in 1838 the mission gained an accession of strength in the person of the Rev. John Macdonald. Mr. Macdonald, the son of the well-known Dr. Mac-

donald of Ferintosh, generally called the Apostle of the Highlands, was minister of a Presbyterian Church in London, when he was roused by the fervid appeals of Dr. Duff on behalf of missions to the heathen; and he resolved to become a missionary. I shall speak of him at some length afterwards, when, in the course of this narrative, I come to that period when I joined his classes; but I may state that his arrival in India was most opportune, as, shortly after, Mr. Mackay was compelled, on account of ill health, to go to Van Diemen's Land. About the middle of the following year the mission was further strengthened by the arrival of the Rev. Thomas Smith (now Dr. Smith of Cowgatehead, Edinburgh), the sole survivor of the fathers of the Assembly's mission in Bengal. I well remember the day he first joined the Institution. He appeared to be the most youthful of all the missionaries in Calcutta. He seemed to be full of energy, zeal, and enthusiasm; and he soon gained the affections of his pupils by his affable and even familiar manners.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW A BENGALI BOY PURSUED KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE year 1837 was the most unfortunate year of my school life. It was the only year in which I was not the dux of my class. My academic life extended over twelve years, during eleven of which I was the dux of my class, and during three of which I was the dux of the Institution. But in the inauspicious year 1837,—a year in which, to use the language of astrology, the planet Saturn shed its baleful influence on my destinies,—I stood only second in my class. Some of my friends attributed this falling off to the extra promotion of which I have spoken; but I suspect they were wrong, for they did not know the tremendous difficulties with which I was in that year beset. Some of my difficulties, no doubt, arose from my promotion. The day I was promoted to the fifth class, some of the students of that class went up to Mr. Ewart, expressed their unwillingness to

read in the same class with one who was so much their junior, and begged to be promoted to the fourth class. Mr. Ewart did not promote them, as he did not think them fit. From that time they conceived a violent hatred against me. They persecuted me in all sorts of ways. They went so far as to beat me in the street after school; and often did I go home all the way weeping. A few of my class-fellows felt for me, but they durst not express their sympathy, far less interpose on my behalf, as the majority were against me. I had sense enough not to complain to the teacher of the class, for if I had complained, I should have fared ten times worse than I did. There was one school-fellow of mine who did his best to protect me. He was a tall, strong-built Mohammadan youth, two or three classes below me, who lived in the same street with me, and whom I assisted every day in getting up his lessons. As he was more than a match for two or three Bengali boys, he very often succeeded in driving away my persecutors, though sometimes both he and I were beaten. Larzim Mandal—for that was the name of my protector—was to me more than a brother. Not only did he protect me from the hands of my persecutors, but sometimes of an afternoon in the rainy season, when some parts of the road leading from the Institution to my house were, owing to the imperfect system of

drainage in those days, under water, which came up to my waist, he actually took me up in his arms and ferried me across the street flood. But though defended in the street by my generous friend, I was subjected to innumerable little persecutions in the schoolroom. It is extremely hazardous, says a Bengali proverb, for a fish to remain in the same tank with an alligator with whom the fish is not on good terms. At last I bethought myself of making a desperate attempt to make friends of my tormentors. One Sunday morning I went to the house of the chief of the conspirators, a lad who was much older than I, and nearly double my size, and who exercised very great influence in the class. I told him that it was unworthy of him to persecute a boy whose only crime was that he had got promotion, and I appealed to him to consider whether his conduct towards me was generous. The appeal was successful. He swore eternal friendship with me. From the following day my class-fellows not only ceased to torment me, but became very friendly towards me. I soon found, however, that I had escaped from the frying-pan only to fall into the fire. A few weeks' close intercourse with my late persecutors showed me that they were a most vicious set, and that they wanted me to go along with them to perdition. They smoked hemp. They visited houses of ill-fame. I was shocked.

My father, who was a sincerely religious man according to his own ideas of religion, had brought me up in the strictest principles of morality. He had sedulously kept me, after school-hours, from companionship with Calcutta boys, of whose morals he had, justly or unjustly, a very low opinion. I was as "green" and innocent a boy as any one of my age could well be. They tried to ruin me. Day after day, week after week, they beset me with temptations. But God preserved me from their evil ways. I broke off from them; and as I had by that time gained some influence in the class, the majority of whom were of good character, I managed to turn the public opinion of the class against these exceptionally vicious boys.

Towards the end of December of the unlucky year 1837 I lost my father, which sad event threatened to put a stop to my English education; but fortunately a cousin of mine came to my help. And here the reader will excuse me if I shed a tear over the best, wisest, and kindest of fathers. As I was the son of his old age, he loved me excessively, though he was too wise to spoil me by fond affection. He was anxious that I should not only receive a good education, but also that I should imbibe right moral principles; and he never missed an opportunity to instil into my mind the principles of virtue. As I

was not fond of play, I was always beside my father, excepting when I was at school; and both morning and evening I had the inestimable privilege of listening to his advice in all matters relating to the conduct of life. He could not assist me in my English studies, for he did not know that language; but he did me infinitely more good, heathen though he was, in forming my character, by restraining me from the paths of vice, and leading me into those of virtue. Of such a wise and loving father I was now deprived. The incidents of his death are fresh in my recollection. It was a cold December night. The sick-room was crowded with many anxious relatives and friends. Some change took place in the patient which made the physician look grave. The people in the room began to whisper to one another. Two men were sent, as I understood from the conversation which was carried on in an undertone, to buy a bier. I was told to leave the room and go upstairs to bed. I said I would not go, but sit up all night beside my father. I was forced to leave the room, and I went away weeping. Repeated watchings for many nights, great heaviness of heart, and constant weeping, had exhausted my system, and I soon fell asleep. Suddenly at midnight, or, rather, towards one in the morning, I was roused from sleep. By that time all was over. I saw my father's lifeless body stretched

on the bed. I gave a shriek, and wept bitterly, and reproached myself for having been quietly sleeping whilst my father was struggling with the last enemy. There was no time, however, for leisurely sorrow. In a few minutes four of my distant relatives took up the wooden frame on their shoulders, and I and the rest of the company wended our way to the river-side. We reached the burning-*ghat*. The corpse was put upon a pile of wood. A lighted fagot was put into my hand, and I was told to apply it to my father's mouth. As this is the last office of Hindu filial affection, I discharged it with feelings which can be more easily conceived than described. The process of cremation took some hours, during which time I sat at a little distance from the funeral pyre. When the whole was reduced to ashes, and some bones were thrown into the sacred river, I bathed, and returned home—if home it could then be called, especially as my mother was in my native village—with wet clothes on, shivering with cold and dying with grief.

It was about two or three weeks after this melancholy event—that is to say, near the middle of January 1838—that the annual public examination of the General Assembly's Institution took place, not in the Town Hall, as in former years, but in the new and commodious building in Cornwallis-Square, which

had just been finished. As it fell during the month of mourning, I went to the examination in my mourning habit, unoiled and unshod. I remember I got at the distribution, as my prize, the last volume of Scott and Henry's Commentary on the Bible, published by the Religious Tract and Book Society, the volume containing comments on the New Testament from the Acts to Revelation. When, after a few days, I went to my native village to perform my father's funeral ceremonies, I took with me my prize-book, which I read over and over during the vacation, till I became familiar with its contents; though, owing to my imperfect knowledge of English, I did not understand everything contained in it.

I have said before that after my father's death I should never have been able to carry on my English education but for the assistance rendered to me by my cousin. I lived in his house, and attended the General Assembly's Institution. And here I can hardly help saying a few words about my cousin's cook, a woman to whom I was not a little indebted, and whose singular appearance and character attracted the notice of every one that saw her. Though I lived for some six years in the house in which the cook served, I never knew her by any other name than that of Kunjo's mother; indeed, I do not believe that her master, my cousin, knew her proper name.

This may appear strange to the English reader, but the Bengali reader knows that the names of women are usually unknown to the other sex; and though menial women-servants are often called by their proper names, it is to be remembered that Kunjo's mother, though a cook, was not exactly a menial. She belonged to the same caste as her master; and it was only on account of her poverty and her helplessness that she had taken charge of another man's kitchen. What this Kunjo, after whom the woman was called, was, I never heard. All that I knew was, that Kunjo was not alive, and that his mother had no relatives. Kunjo's mother was one of the most pitiable objects I have ever seen in my life. She was a cripple—and such a cripple! She could not stand on her legs. Her knee-joints were paralyzed, and could not be stretched out. How long before this calamity had befallen her—she could not well have been born in that state—I did not know. And yet she was none the worse, so far as locomotion within the four walls of the house was concerned. She went from room to room in a sitting posture, with incredible quickness, with the help of her hands. I cannot say she *crawled,* for while moving she always sat erect. Neither can I say she *walked,* for she never stood. She *rowed* from room to room, her arms acting like the oars of a boat. Practice had made her singularly

adroit in her movements, and every morning she came down and went up a high, steep staircase without the slightest inconvenience. Poor Kunjo's mother! in what a deplorable state did I find her one morning in the rainy season! It was drizzling. The high and steep staircase, being unprovided with a shade, was wet and slippery. Kunjo's mother, as was her wont, was rowing down in her usual way. Scarcely had she achieved two steps when her hands and feet slipped, and she rolled down like a package of goods to the bottom. I hastened to her help, and was glad to find that she was not seriously hurt. Nature is generally said to be impartial in the dispensation of her favours. Defects in one direction are usually compensated by superior advantages in another. Hence the common saying in Bengali, that "the blind, the hunch-backed, and the lame have one quality more than other people." This does not seem to have been the case with Kunjo's mother. For some mysterious reasons, Nature seems to have been a stepmother to her, and to have treated her with undue severity. Let me reckon up the privations to which she was subjected. In the first place, she was a cripple, and no ordinary one; in the second place, she was of a very dark complexion; in the third place, her features were very coarse, I had almost said ugly; in the fourth place, she had a squint in her left

eye; in the fifth place, she spoke very much through her nose; in the sixth place, though only forty years old, she had lost several of her teeth; seventhly, and lastly, she became a widow in early life, and lost her only son.

To this singular woman I am somewhat indebted for my education. Not that she assisted me in getting up my lessons, for she could neither read nor write any language; not that she instilled into me right moral principles, of which she had very hazy conceptions; but she always gave me early breakfast, simply to enable me to be at school before ten o'clock in the morning. As my cousin and his wife breakfasted at a late hour, she was under no necessity to get breakfast ready before nine o'clock. It was purely out of regard for me that she got up long before gun-fire, and commenced her operations. That she exercised self-denial on my account will appear evident when it is remembered that no orthodox Hindu woman ever cooks before bathing. When I recollect that this poor deformed cripple got up from her bed some two hours before sunrise, that she rowed downstairs with the help of her hands, that she bathed at about five o'clock in the morning in the coldest weather,—that she did all this to enable me to go to school at the proper time,—when I remember all this, I cannot but feel grateful to her. But she did more. As the room

in which I learned my lessons was also the room in which my cousin sat in the evenings, and as every evening people used to come to talk to him on matters of business, I felt no little interruption in my studies. In this emergency Kunjo's mother came to my rescue. As there were only two sleeping-rooms in the house, I, being at the time only twelve or thirteen years old, slept in the same room as Kunjo's mother. Being thus circumstanced, I made it a rule every evening to go to bed almost immediately after candle-light, after instructing her to be so good as to rouse me from sleep at about two o'clock in the morning. Kunjo's mother, who was a very light sleeper, always woke me at that hour to enable me to get up my lessons. But the reader might ask how I contrived to get a light to enable me to read through the small hours of the morning. Thanks to the benevolent cripple, she always made provision for that: she used to save for me a little of the mustard-oil used in cooking. I have said above that Kunjo's mother *always* gave me breakfast at the proper time. I should have said *often*, for sometimes she failed me. This was not, however, owing to her laziness or indifference, but because provisions had perhaps to be bought in the morning before cooking, or perhaps because the fuel was wet, or from some other cause. On such occasions I always went to school without

breakfast, ate a farthing's worth of sweetmeats, and took my rice and curry after four o'clock in the afternoon, on returning home. On such occasions Kunjo's mother would be very sad, though my having had no breakfast was no fault of hers; and she would even delay taking her own breakfast till I returned from school. Let no one think that I am here making a parade of the difficulties I laboured under while I was a student. So far as food was concerned, I was perhaps better off than many poor students of the Scotch Universities in by-gone days, like those of whom the late Dr. Guthrie speaks in his Autobiography. I cannot but have infinite admiration for those noble youths who lived upon a sack of oatmeal, which they themselves had carried from their poor homes in the country, and at the same time listened to lectures on logic and metaphysics, moral philosophy, and political economy in the University! Nor can I have less admiration for the Brahman students of Indian Sanskrit *tols*, who perform all sorts of menial work, live upon rice and herbs, and at the same time discuss the abstruse logical doctrines of the philosopher Gotama. The latchets of the shoes of these lovers of knowledge I am not worthy to unloose.

In the year of grace 1878, the acquisition of English learning in India, at any rate in Bengal, by

native youth, has been rendered, so far as external helps are concerned, very easy. There are "Meaning Books" of every class-book used in the country; and there are "Notes," "Annotations," "Paraphrases," and "Keys," without end. But it was different forty years ago. *Then* there was not a single "Meaning Book" or "Notes" of a single class-book. I do not say that the youth of the country of the present day are to be congratulated upon the abundance of "Notes" and "Annotations." On the contrary, I think they are much to be pitied. In my opinion, these annotators, commentators, paraphrasts, analysts, note-makers, and key-smiths of school-books, are the greatest pests in the country, and the sooner they are deported to the Andaman Islands the better for the education of the rising generation. These men corrupt our youth. They make them lazy by thinking for them, by freeing them from the labour of search and inquiry, and by looking into the dictionary for them. The result is, that our colleges and schools are, for the most part, filled with intellectual lotus-eaters, who are averse to mental exertion of any sort, and who know not the pains and pleasures of mental exercise, as they readily get knowledge without that exercise. A more pernicious system for ruining the intellect of the youth of the country, and for turning human beings into mere automata, it would be

difficult to contrive. In these days of cheap newspapers and cheap postage, learning too has been made cheap—indeed, so cheap that it is well-nigh worthless. In the brave days of old—that is, about forty years ago—when I was a school-boy, we had to rely on our own resources. We had no "Keys," like those manufactured in these days of universal mechanism, wherewith to unlock the treasure-house of knowledge, and no "Abstracts" which contain, hermetically sealed, and within brief compass, the quintessence of all wisdom. In the year of grace 1878, the palace of learning has been already constructed for you. It has been finished and furnished for you. You have only to enter and possess it. It was different in those hard times of old. We had to dig; we had to clear the rubbish; we had to collect the bricks—or rather make the bricks, and often without straw being given to us; we had to cut wood and draw water, like intellectual Gibeonites; we had to build laboriously, day after day, and month after month,—and then at last, after several years' unceasing labour, did the building rear its head. The former method is by far the pleasanter of the two; but whether it be as healthy and useful as it is pleasant may well be doubted.

In the pursuit of knowledge, I laboured under greater difficulties than most of my school-fellows.

One difficulty stared me in the face just at the beginning. Not one of those people with whom I lived knew English; I could, therefore, get no help from my relatives in getting up my lessons. I know it is the custom in many schools for the master to read to his pupils the lesson for the following day, and to explain any difficulties in it; but that was not the system pursued in the General Assembly's Institution. The master merely told us that our lesson for the following day was to be so many lines, and we were expected to learn it thoroughly at home in the best way we could, and to be ready to be examined upon it. He used to spend the whole of the school-hours in subjecting us to a severe examination, chiefly in the catechetical form, on the lesson he had set the previous day. As I was absolutely without assistance, for some time at the commencement I went to school perfectly unprepared. As my master used to rebuke me, and insisted on my learning my lessons at home, and as home gave me no help, I did not know what to do. But it may be asked why I did not go to some boy in the neighbourhood and obtain assistance. The fact is, my father would not hear of any such arrangement. He would not allow me to come much in contact with Calcutta boys, who, he thought, were, for the most part, too clever by half. At last I bethought myself

of the following expedient:—One hour, from one o'clock to two, was given to the boys for recreation, which we used to call the *tiffin* hour. Instead of spending this *tiffin* hour in play, like most of my class-fellows, I spent it in getting up my lesson for the next day; and for this purpose I often "button-holed" boys of the higher classes, and asked them the pronunciation or meaning of a word, or the Bengali translation of a sentence. But my chief difficulty in the pursuit of knowledge arose from the state of my father's exchequer. It was never buoyant. Like the Indian treasury, my father's exchequer suffered from chronic deficit. There was this difference, however, between the treasury of the Indian Government and my father's treasury, that whereas in the former there are always on hand cash balances, the cash balances in the latter were always a *minus* quantity. The consequence was that I was hardly able to buy any books, excepting those that were absolutely necessary and very cheap. An English-Bengali dictionary would have considerably diminished my difficulties in learning English, but its price was prohibitory, and I never had such a dictionary in my life. A pocket edition of Johnson's Dictionary I deemed indispensably necessary to the prosecution of my studies. I tried to buy one. But where was the cash to come from? At present a new copy of

Johnson's or Webster's Pocket Dictionary can be had for a few pence; but in the days of which I am speaking it could not be had at less than five or six shillings, and that price was to me simply prohibitory. At last, thanks to the kind offices of a hawker of books, I bought for a few coppers an old and much-soiled copy of Johnson's Pocket Dictionary. I got it cheap, because it had one defect. There was wanting in it nearly the whole of the letter A! Whenever there occurred in my lesson any word beginning with the letter A, I was at sea.

I have alluded in the above to a very useful fraternity called "hawkers of books." There used to be a great many of them in those days. They were all Mohammadans, and went, among school-boys, by the name of *chachas*, or uncles. They carried on their backs a heavy load of books, old, second-hand, and new, and they went from door to door. There was one *chacha* to whom I was partial. He was half-witted, and I called him *pagla chacha*, or mad uncle. He was fond of me, as I was amongst the few persons who patronized him. He never had any new book in his bag; he dealt only in old, half-torn, and dilapidated books. He never had a complete set of any work. His bag contained, say, the fifth volume of the *Spectator*, the second volume of Hume's "History of England," the seventh volume of Gib-

bon's "Decline and Fall," the third volume of Rollin, and the like. People who could afford to buy new books, or complete sets of works, never looked into his bag; but as its contents were in beautiful harmony with the contents of my treasury, *pagla chacha* and I were great friends. By the way, this was the worthy from whom I purchased that precious copy of Johnson's Pocket Dictionary, in which was wanting nearly the whole of the letter A. To this literary purveyor I am somewhat indebted. As I was fond of reading, I used often to buy for a trifle an odd volume of Hume, Rollin, or Gibbon; but as the state of my finances did not always allow me to lay out sums like fourpence or sixpence on English literature, I fell upon an expedient. I bought from my "mad uncle" the second volume of the *Spectator*, of an edition complete in eight volumes. After reading it, I requested him to take back the volume, and give me instead an odd volume of some other work, say Johnson or Robertson. When I finished that volume I returned it to the hawker, and took from him another odd volume of some other work. And, latterly, I exchanged my old school-books for odd volumes of works I had not read. Thus I cultivated English literature on a little oatmeal.

CHAPTER VIII.

DR. DUFF IN SCOTLAND FROM 1835 TO 1839.

ALEXANDER DUFF left Calcutta at twenty-four hours' notice, in July 1834, and returned to his post in May 1840. The intervening period he spent in Scotland, except the time occupied in the transit. It must not be supposed, however, that during these five years and more he indulged in repose after his exhausting labours in Calcutta. Duff was incapable of taking repose. His whole life shows that he was of the same opinion as the Jansenist Arnauld, who said to a friend and fellow-labourer in the cause of Jansenism, rather tired of the conflict, and longing for repose,—"Repose! will you not have all eternity to repose in?" The fact is, that Duff did a far greater and far more arduous work during his five years' stay in Scotland than during his four years' sojourn in Calcutta. He roused the missionary spirit of the Church of Scotland, as it had never before been roused, by his eloquent discourses in most of its congregations and

presbyteries, and by his magnificent orations in the General Assembly.

In the Assembly of 1835, on the 25th of May, he delivered a speech which roused the Church as from a dream, and produced an impression within its bounds which no other single speech has since produced. Halley, a young man of extraordinary promise, prematurely cut off, who heard the speech as a divinity student, wrote about it at the time to his friend James Hamilton in the following terms:—"A noble burst of enthusiastic appeal, which made gray-headed pastors weep like children, and dissolved half the Assembly in tears." The speech was published soon after its delivery, "at the special request of the Assembly," with the title, "The Church of Scotland's India Mission; or, A Brief Exposition of the Principles on which that Mission has been conducted in Calcutta" —and the first edition of ten thousand copies was soon exhausted. In about a twelvemonth a second edition of five thousand copies was called for. A printed speech is quite a different thing from the same speech when delivered, assisted as it then is by both voice and gesture; and especially was this the case with Duff, who, in the delivery of his speeches, put forth greater physical energy than perhaps any other orator in ancient or in modern times. Still, no one can even now read the great speech of the 25th of May 1835 without

feeling a thrill in every fibre of his frame. And we may be permitted to remark that, to our thinking, this speech is, on the whole, the best he ever delivered, characterized as it is by a severe simplicity of style, a closeness of reasoning, a force of thought, and an energy of expression which remind one of the finished orations of the greatest of the Athenian orators. And yet there is nothing in the speech which indicates carefulness and elaboration; but this circumstance only proves its superior excellence, as the perfection of art consists in concealing art. In after years Duff's imagination became more luxuriant, his diction more ornate, his similes more lengthened out, and he indulged more in what is called "soft declamation;" but the great speech of 1835 is logic set on fire by passion. A short account of a speech which was so highly honoured by the God of missions, may not be unacceptable to those readers who have not seen it.

The speech is divided into two parts: *first*, an exposition of the "ordinary difficulties which impede the progress of missionary effort" in India, or rather in Bengal; and, *secondly*, an exposition of "some of the most successful methods resorted to in surmounting those difficulties." A specimen of some of the difficulties in the path of a missionary in Bengal is as follows:—The newly-arrived missionary perhaps

thinks that in order to convert the people he has only to proclaim to them the gospel message; but to his dismay he finds that the people, instead of believing, ask the preacher, "What is your authority for so saying? Where is your proof?" The missionary perhaps refers to the *historical* argument; the people reply, "We have histories of our own: compared with our histories, your history is but of yesterday." The missionary tries the argument from *miracles;* but the people reply again that they have in their holy books records of miracles far more stupendous than any to be found in the Bible. The missionary next tries the argument from *prophecy;* but the people have no notion of the countries, the peoples, the times, and the circumstances in connection with which the alleged prophecies are said to have been uttered and fulfilled. Here Duff might have added that the people have in their own books prophecies far more wonderful than those contained in the Bible. At last the missionary appeals to *internal evidence;* which, however, the people are incapable of appreciating. The people, instead of asking the missionary to prove the truth of his own religion, may request him to prove the falsity of theirs. For this purpose a disputation is held; but nothing comes of it, as the Brahmans are very subtle, and there are no common grounds from which to start. The missionary, per-

haps, with a view to obtain some principles common to both parties, refers to physical science, to geography, to astronomy, and the like; but the Brahmans tell him that they have far grander systems of geography and astronomy than the Europeans. From all this the conclusion to be drawn is, that it is highly desirable to educate the people, with a view to enable them to perceive the falsity of their own religion and the divine origin of Christianity. And this argument receives additional force from the circumstance that the Hindu systems of geography and physical science are all part and parcel of their religion; so that when a Hindu youth learns true geography and true physical science, he must be necessarily convinced of the falsity of his national faith. And in the communication of this knowledge to Hindu youth, the English language must be used, at least for a long time to come, as the only medium, for the vernaculars have hardly any literature. In the second part of his speech, Duff gives an account of the method of his procedure in Calcutta, as we have briefly described it in a foregoing chapter: how he found the students of the Hindu College "infidelized;" how he delivered a course of lectures, in which he took his hearers step by step from belief in a God to faith in Christ; and how some of his hearers made a public profession of their faith, and were admitted into the visible Church

of Christ by the rite of baptism. Referring more directly to the General Assembly's Institution, which "from the very first was based on the solid foundation of Christian principle," he declared its object to be twofold—namely, to impart Christian education to Hindu youth, and to raise up not only "a well-disciplined body of Christian teachers, who shall diffuse the blessings of a wholesome education throughout the land, but also a noble band of Christian ministers, who shall cause the glad tidings of salvation to sound from shore to shore, with a power and efficiency which it were presumptuous in nine-tenths of foreign labourers to pretend to emulate." At present there is a loud cry for English education, and the cry will be louder soon; but Government in its schools and colleges gives knowledge without religion. What may be the consequence of such a policy? "Here opens upon us the glimpse of a dreadful crisis. Give them knowledge without religion, according to the present Government plan, and they will become *a nation of infidels!*" Hence the importance of providing Christian education for the youth of India; and hence the necessity of liberality to missions, and of sending more labourers into the mission-field. The speech closes with the following peroration:—

"And since you, here assembled, are the representatives of the National Church, that has put forth

an emphatic expression of faith in the Redeemer's promises,—an emphatic expression of hope that all these promises shall one day be gloriously realized (and in these troublous times this is a precious testimony),—I call upon you to follow it up with deeds proportionate. 'Faith without works is dead.' Let you, the representative body of this Church, commence, and show that the pulse of benevolence has begun to beat higher here; and if so, it will circulate through all the veins of the great system. Let the impulsive influence begin here, and it will flow throughout the land. Let us awake, arise, and rescue unhappy India from its present and impending horrors! Ah! long, too long has India been made a theme for the visions of poetry and the dreams of romance. Too long has it been enshrined in the sparkling bubbles of a vapoury sentimentalism. One's heart is indeed sickened with the eternal song of its 'balmy skies and voluptuous gales—its golden dews and pageantry of blossoms—its fields of paradise, and bowers entwining amaranthine flowers—its blaze of suns, and torrents of eternal light;'—one's heart is sickened with this eternal song, when above we behold nought but the spiritual gloom of a gathering tempest, relieved only by the lightning glance of the Almighty's indignation; around, a waste moral wilderness, where 'all life

dies, and death lives;' and, underneath, one vast catacomb of immortal souls perishing for lack of knowledge. Let us arise, and resolve that henceforward these 'climes of the sun' shall not be viewed merely as a storehouse of flowers for poetry, and figures for rhetoric, and bold strokes for oratory; but shall become the climes of a better sun, even the 'Sun of Righteousness'—the nursery of 'plants of renown,' that shall bloom and blossom in the regions of immortality. Let us arise, and revive the genius of the olden time. Let us revive the spirit of our forefathers. Like them, let us unsheathe the sword of the Spirit—unfurl the banner of the Cross—sound the gospel-trump of jubilee. Like them, let us enter into a solemn league and covenant before our God, in behalf of that benighted land, that we shall not rest till the voice of praise and thanksgiving arises in daily orisons from its coral strands, rolls over its fertile plains, resounds from its smiling valleys, and re-echoes from its everlasting hills. Thus shall it be proved that the Church of Scotland, though 'poor, can make many rich,' being herself replenished from the 'fulness of the Godhead;' that the Church of Scotland, though powerless as regards carnal designs and worldly policies, has yet the divine power of bringing many sons to glory—of calling a spiritual progeny from afar, numerous as the drops of dew in

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the morning, and resplendent with the shining of the Sun of Righteousness,—a noble company of ransomed multitudes, that shall hail you in the realms of day, and crown you with the spoils of victory, and sit on thrones, and live and reign with you amid the splendours of an unclouded universe. May God hasten the day, and put it into the heart of every one present to engage in the glorious work of realizing it!"

After the delivery of this speech—which put him in a prominent position in the Church, and which induced the University of Aberdeen to confer on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity—Duff began to visit congregations and presbyteries in all parts of the country, and addressed them on missions to the heathen in general, and the Assembly's India Mission in particular; giving information, removing misconceptions, dissipating prejudices, throwing a flood of light on the whole subject, calling forth liberality in behalf of missions, exciting missionary zeal in the Church, and firing young ministers and divinity students with the holy ambition of dedicating their lives to the service of their Master in countries enveloped in heathen darkness. In this manner, before leaving Scotland for India, he had overtaken several hundreds of the congregations and some seventy presbyteries. He also delivered a powerful speech

in Exeter Hall, London, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Assembly's Mission, which was published, and which produced a deep impression on the less excitable people of the south.

It could hardly be expected that a man of strong convictions and vehement feelings would not meet with opposition. Some of the opinions he had expressed in the speech of 1835 were called in question, not only by the secular press, but also by people who professed godliness. He therefore thought it necessary to give an elaborate reply to the objections which had been raised against his views, in the Assembly of 1837, in a speech which when published bore the title of "A Vindication of the Church of Scotland's India Mission." This speech is more fiery than that of 1835, as it is controversial in its character, and was with us converts of the mission a great favourite. Many of the objections are so silly that a bare statement of them is a sufficient confutation: in truth, they are not objections, but, as Duff justly calls them, mere misconceptions.

The *first* objection, or misconception, or allegation, was, that in the speech of 1835 the "missionary labours of other Churches and Societies had been disparaged or unduly undervalued;" the *second*, that he had "expressed himself with disrespect towards his predecessors and fellow-labourers in the mission-

ary field;" the *third*, that from the speech of 1835 one would imagine that "the whole of the Hindu population were transcendental philosophers;" the *fourth*, that that speech went to prove that "all the millions of India must become good English scholars before they can be expected to embrace the Christian faith;" the *fifth*, that one would suppose the scheme was "to *infidelize* the Hindus first, and Christianize them afterwards;" the *sixth*, it seemed the object was "to reform the natives of India by means of knowledge without religion;" the *seventh*, that in the former speech there seemed to be "something like a denial of the self-evidencing power of the Bible;" the *eighth*, that sufficient stress had not been laid on "the indispensable agency of the Holy Spirit in the great work of evangelizing a lost world;" the *ninth*, that the *preaching of the gospel* had been disparaged; the *tenth*, that the results of the Assembly's Mission were meagre; and the *eleventh* and last objection was, How can the people of Scotland think of sending missionaries to a distant country when there are thousands of baptized heathens at home? and has not the Apostle said, "He that provideth not for his own, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel"? This last objection is met in a variety of ways, one of which is very striking. He shows, in a remarkable passage,

that the people of India are "our own" people, and must therefore be included amongst those for whom the Apostle recommends the making of provision. As the passage is one of the highest flights of impassioned oratory, we reproduce it here entire:—

"The only question for determination, then, is, whether India, in any legitimate sense of the expression, can be really called 'our own'? For if so, the question of duty in providing for its spiritual necessities is already peremptorily decided by the objector in the affirmative. Before an audience like the present, it is only necessary to glance at a few leading particulars. I ask, then, Is India, or is it not, 'our own'? In the language of Cowper—'Is India free? or do *we* grind her still?' Ah! never has any country, through such a long succession of ages, been so terribly scourged as India. Dearly has it paid for its diamond and golden mines, its pearly and coral strands. Look at the unparalleled series of Tartar and Mohammadan invasions. Talk of the volcano, with its sulphureous streams! talk of the earthquake, with its train of chaotic ruins! talk of the hurricane, with its desolating ravages!—all the volcanoes, earthquakes, and hurricanes recorded since the world began, were but partial and merciful visitations compared with the fiery, crashing, whirlwind eruptions of barbaric hordes into the fertile plains of

Hindustan. Look at the oft-repeated massacre of hundreds of thousands of unoffending citizens in cold blood! Look at their mangled bodies, literally piled into mountains, and their severed skulls into pyramids! Look at the onward march of the savage conquerors! Before them, all is as 'the garden of the Lord,' teeming with plenty, smiling with beauty, and exuberant with the varied bounties of a gracious Providence. Behind them, all is as a desert, naked and leafless, peeled and stripped bare—one vast and profound solitude, where erewhile was crowded all that is beauteous in form and pleasant to the sight—one wide and universal sepulchre, where erewhile resounded the hum and the bustle of busy men—and the wailings of widowed mothers and fatherless children, where erewhile the voices and notes of happy myriads rolled along in sportive echoings. Ah! blessed be God, from such terrific desolations India is now at length happily delivered. By a long train of vicissitudes, unexampled in the annals of time, a small island of the ocean, at the distance of a hemisphere,—an island whose inhabitants were but naked, prowling savages at a time when India was the very cradle of civilization, legislation, and philosophy,—has now succeeded to the imperial sway of a dominion more extensive and consolidated far than that of the mighty Akbar or magnificent Aurung-

zebe. For which of India's thrones have we not now cast down?—which of its sceptres have we not broken?—which of its treasuries have we not drained?—which of its territories have we not appropriated? What first breathings of impatience under the restraints of our foreign yoke are we not ready to resent as rebellion? What incipient dispositions to transfer allegiance to the lineal representatives of ancient native monarchs are we not prepared to quash, and capitally punish as high treason against the majesty of Britain? Are we not, then, at once the conquerors and sovereign rulers of India? Is not India, therefore, in a peculiar sense 'our own'? Are not its people, in the highest and strongest sense of the expression, 'our own' people, 'our own' fellow-subjects—subjects of the crown of Christian Protestant Britain—as much as the natives of the Hebrides or the Catholics of Ireland? Are we not, therefore, bound by every obligation, human and divine, to provide for the spiritual necessities of India's children—the spiritual necessities of famishing millions, whom, contrary to their own will, we have compelled by force of arms to become 'our own' adopted children? Yea, are we not doubly bound to impart to them the treasures of useful knowledge and of gospel grace, as the only adequate equivalent in our power, in reparation of the wrongs,

grievous and innumerable, which in times past they have sustained at our hands? As far as good intentions are concerned, ours may now be truly characterized as a paternal Government, that seems sincerely desirous to redress every injury and stanch every bleeding wound. But who can obliterate the long black catalogue of treachery and plunder, devastation and death, that swells the revolting narrative of many of our earlier conquests? Ah! there have been deeds perpetrated by the sons of Britain on the plains of Hindustan,—deeds that in number cannot be reckoned up in order — deeds of unutterable infamy—deeds that are engraven in characters of blood in the ineffaceable pages of history, ay, and registered as an eternal memorial against us in the book of God's remembrance! And shall we withhold the only adequate boon which it is in our power to confer, by way of recompense, on poor, ransacked, pillaged, ravaged, unhappy India? Ah! if we do, methinks the spirits of thousands untimely slain will rise up in judgment to condemn us. Methinks a long eternity of retributive vengeance will seal the merited condemnation. But let us now, if ye will, resolve to shroud the misdeeds of our fathers in the mantle of oblivion; and over the plains which they have drenched with the blood of the victims of a mercenary policy, and along the shores which they

have strewn with the wrecks of a griping avarice, let us, their descendants and kinsmen, resolve to rear the temples of Zion,—those precious monuments of piety and benevolence which in real glory outstrip the regal pyramid, and in the duration of their effects outlast the fabric of the material universe."

In the Assembly of 1839 he delivered his "Farewell Address," which was published, and which produced as great an impression as his other speeches.

In August 1839, he published, "Missions, the Chief End of the Christian Church," being the sermon he preached and the addresses he delivered on the occasion of the ordination of the Rev. Thomas Smith, now Dr. Smith of Cowgatehead. This seems to be the most popular of his works, as it has gone through more editions than any of his other works. Before leaving Scotland, he published the largest of all his works, "India and India Missions," containing upwards of seven hundred pages. This book, as the author tells us in the preface, is chiefly composed of the substance of the various addresses he delivered in all parts of Scotland during his five years' stay. It is, therefore, somewhat hortatory in its style, and is wanting in references to authorities in support of the opinions advanced in it regarding the systems

of Hindu philosophy and religion. Nevertheless, it is a most admirable performance, well calculated to inform the mind and excite the zeal of every one intending to come out as a missionary to India.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INSTITUTION AFTER DUFF'S RETURN—TIFFIN HOUR—THE SYSTEM OF TEACHING—SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

AS the Suez route had been opened, on his way to India Duff passed through Egypt, which was then under the energetic rule of the celebrated pacha Mehemet Ali, and gave to the world the results of his observations in that country in some powerfully-written articles which he contributed to the *Calcutta Christian Observer*. He passed also through Bombay, where Dr. Wilson was labouring with his colleagues, and described that Mission in a letter to the Convener of the Foreign Missions Committee at Edinburgh, which was published in the form of a pamphlet, entitled, "Bombay in April 1840." At last, in May, he reached Calcutta, and on the second day after his arrival he went to the Institution. We all turned out of our classes to catch a glimpse of the prince of educators and of missionaries. Six years before I had just barely seen him, but now I was to be his pupil,—the pupil of him

who had done a great work in Scotland, and whose fame already was in the Churches. He came to our class, and said a few words. With what energy he uttered those words! Each word came whizzing like a cannon ball!

The first thing Duff did on his return was fully to organize the Institution, which was at that time the first and best educational establishment in all India. No college in India had such an efficient staff of professors as the General Assembly's Institution. There was William Sinclair Mackay, who had just returned from New South Wales, an accomplished scholar of high culture, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the literature of Greece and Rome, a graceful writer, and withal the first astronomer in India. There was David Ewart, a scholar of universal information, a man who had at his fingers' ends the history of every country in the world, and a man, too, of methodical habits, of untiring industry, and unflagging perseverance. There was John Macdonald, the gainer of the Huttonian Prize, who had consecrated his high intellectual gifts to the study of theology, a theologian of no ordinary stamp, a theologian of the old, orthodox, Puritan type of Owen, of Howe, and of Baxter. There was Thomas Smith, a hard-headed teacher, a man of great force of intellect, and beyond all question the first mathematician of his day in

India. And, above all, for infusing life into the whole educational machinery, and to keep it in perpetual motion, there was Alexander Duff, with his commanding talents, his great administrative ability, his superb eloquence, his burning zeal, and his lofty enthusiasm.

I well remember the day on which Duff explained his views regarding the Institution to the assembled students, masters, and professors. All the eight hundred students were marched into the spacious hall of the Institution. As there was no platform, Duff got up on a bench, with a routine-board, on which he had sketched out the new plan, in his hand. He then launched out with his usual eloquence into a lengthened address, the points of which have altogether escaped my memory; but the gist of the whole was that the time had now arrived when the Institution should be divided into two departments—namely, the *collegiate*, and the *preparatory and normal*. Most assuredly the time had arrived; for, as the *Friend of India* justly remarked at the time, "No one will dispute the claim to the appellation of a Collegiate Institution of a seminary where Brown's Philosophy and Laplace's 'Mécanique Céleste' are text-books in Mental and Physical Science." The studies in the collegiate department were so arranged as to occupy in regular succession a period of at least four years,

—the highest class being called the fourth-year class. The preparatory department consisted at that time of fourteen classes. When this new arrangement of the classes took place, in May 1840, I became a member of the first-year college class, which was taught principally by Mackay, Ewart, and Smith. From the following year I began to receive instruction also from Duff. Duff always had, every day in the last hour, all the four college classes together in the lecture-room, which was furnished with a gallery, and gave lectures on Biblical theology. He gave us also Scripture proofs for doctrines. In the end of the year—that is, of 1841—Captain Paton, a friend of missions, offered a prize of twenty-five rupees for the "most accurate knowledge of Scripture proofs for doctrines." A written examination was held for the purpose; and though students from all the college classes competed, strange to say I, a second-year student and a Hindu,—for I was not a Christian then,—obtained the prize. I shall never forget the satisfaction I felt when Duff patted me on the head, and complimented me on the accuracy and fulness of my answers. The same year I received the first prize of thirty-five rupees, offered by Dr. Charles, senior chaplain of St. Andrew's Church, for the best essay on the "Conversion of St. Paul, viewed as an Argument for the Truth of the Gospel." At the close

of the session of 1842, when I was in the third-year class, amongst other prizes, I obtained one of fifty rupees, offered by Dr. Charles for the best essay on the "Falsity of the Hindu Religion." When Dr. Charles, who was both the donor and the adjudicator, read my essay, he thought from its tone that it had been written by a convert. Great, therefore, was his surprise when he heard that it had been written by a Hindu,—at least a nominal Hindu. It so happened that in the following week I went with the converts, with whom I was on terms of intimacy, to the week-day prayer-meeting of St. Andrew's Church. After the service was over, Dr. Charles asked me whether I was soon coming forward as a candidate for baptism. I remained quiet. The venerable Mrs. Wilson, formerly Miss Cook, who happened to be near, put her hand upon my head, and replied for me, saying, prophetically, "He will come soon; he is thinking about it."

As the Institution was now fully organized, and had reached a high state of efficiency, I think it desirable to say a few words on the recreation hour, and on the system of teaching and discipline pursued in the Institution.

No period of their school-hours was more welcome to the boys than the hour between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, when there was a cessation

of intellectual work in the preparatory, or school department: for the students of the college classes knew no interruption in their studies, but, like Sisyphus, continued rolling up the intellectual stone without stop from ten to four. No sooner had the big clock in the hall of the Institution struck one, and the grateful *tick* had been proclaimed by beat of the school gong, than a scream of joy was heard in all the classes, which, like so many bee-hives, poured forth their juvenile population, numbering from eight hundred to one thousand souls. In the course of five minutes the ample grounds round the school building —I am speaking now of the building in Cornwallis Square—became a sea of young heads. At first there was invariably a rush towards the stalls of the sweetmeat-sellers, three or four of whom daily came to the school "compound," and carried on a more than usually profitable trade. Not far from the gate, but inside the school grounds, they sat behind large baskets filled with all sorts of Bengali confectionery. Payments were generally made in hard cash; but, as in the great outer world, so in the microcosm of our school, the system of credit was also pursued. The servants of the school, who knew the boys well, usually stood as middlemen between the sweetmeat-sellers and those boys who bought on credit; and they drove a most gainful trade. I remember I

sometimes went to school, when a little boy, without my tiffin-money, on which occasions I was under the necessity of requesting either the school-porter or the school-bearer to stand security for me; though, in justice to myself, I must add that afterwards, when I was in some of the higher forms of the Institution, and was therefore a lad of some consequence, I ignored the porter and the bearer, and opened an account direct with the sweetmeat-sellers. Not far from the stalls of the sweetmeat-sellers were those of the fruiterers, which latter were frequented perhaps by a larger number of boys than the former. All sorts of fruits were to be found here in their season,—mangoes, oranges, custard apples, cucumbers, melons of several varieties, guavas, cocoa-nuts, sour-plums, sweet-plums, the blackberry, the roseberry, peaches, litchis, &c. Heaps of the sugar-cane were displayed here; and there were also basketfuls of the China almond, which was very popular with little boys, and several papers of which could be had in those days for one copper. After the inner man had been thus refreshed and strengthened by the ministrations of these comfits and fruits, some of the boys betook themselves to Bengali games, others amused themselves with the battledoor and shuttlecock—a great number of which Duff had brought from Scotland on his return in the year 1840—and others still busied themselves

with their books, till the clock struck two, when the boys again went to their classes.

The system of teaching adopted by Duff was somewhat different from the systems in vogue at the time in India. It was called by some the *intellectual* system, as its object from the beginning was the development of the intellectual powers of the pupil, however young, and not merely the communication of information. It was also sometimes called the Socratic or interrogatory system, as teaching was carried on chiefly by a series of questions not unlike the practice adopted by that great philosopher and missionary, who went about the streets of Athens, and subjected every person whom he met to the ordeal of a searching and severe catechization.

Nothing is more wearisome and uninteresting to a little boy when he first goes to school than to commit to memory the unmeaning sounds, b a, ba; d a, da; b l a, bla; k l a, kla; and the rest. He does not understand what he is about; and when he asks for an explanation of those magical sounds, his master throws no light on the subject. In the General Assembly's Institution this parrot-work was altogether avoided. Not only were the unmeaning sounds alluded to in the above discarded, but the tyro was not even required at the commencement to commit the alphabet to memory. When a boy,

ignorant of the English alphabet, was admitted into the Institution, he was taken to an alphabet board which contained the letters of the alphabet, written on separate slips of wood. The master usually took up the letter O, and told the tyro its name and sound; he next took up the letter X, and described its name and sound. The master then put the two letters together, which the pupil readily pronounced to be OX; and his interest was excited greatly when he was told that the word formed by these two letters was an animal with which he was perfectly familiar. The pupil was then asked what he knew of that animal, and in what respects it differed from himself. Thus, on the very first day, or rather hour, of his admission into school, he learned one English word; and there is scarcely any doubt, that on returning home from school, if he met the animal in question by the way, he would call out "ox" with very much the same sort of delight and enthusiasm with which Archimedes exclaimed, *Eureka!* In this very pleasant manner the letters of the alphabet were gone through, and the boy, instead of looking upon learning as drudgery, regarded it as a most delightful task. To the Scottish reader all this, and more that follows, is not new; but it was quite new in India.

The interrogatory method was the back-bone of Duff's system of teaching. Education, he contended,

is, as the etymology of the word shows, the *bringing out* whatever is in the mind,—that is to say, the development of all its powers and susceptibilities, intellectual, moral, social, and religious. In most systems of education knowledge is communicated to the pupils. Duff *did* communicate knowledge; but before communicating, he brought out of his pupils whatever knowledge they had by a process of close questioning, subjected that knowledge to the crucible of investigation, and thus purified it, and, last of all, added to its stores. The interrogatory method was pursued through all the classes of the Institution from the lowest to the highest. In order to make this method thoroughly intelligible to the reader, I shall here illustrate it by an example. In the first Primer used in the General Assembly's Institution there is the following sentence:—*My dog Snap ran at a cat.* An intelligent teacher of the Socratic method would proceed somewhat in the following manner:—

Master. Who ran at a cat?

Pupil. My dog Snap.

Then would follow questions like the following:—Spell the word *dog.* What do you call *dog* in Bengali? Then would follow a lot of questions about the animal dog,—the several members of its body; how it differs from other animals, say a cow or a horse; of what use dogs are; their qualities,

especially faithfulness, &c.; the master illustrating his lecture by an anecdote or two of that faithful animal.

The next leading question would be, "What is the name of the dog?" and the answer would of course be, "*Snap.*" The master would then give the reason of the name, and mention the names usually given to dogs in England as well as in Bengal.

The third leading question arising out of the text would be, "Whose dog ran?" the answer to which would be, "*My* dog." An intelligent master would take hold of this opportunity to unfold to the youthful mind the important distinction of *meum* and *tuum*, to explain briefly the idea of *property*, winding up this part of the lecture with a few words on the impropriety and sinfulness of the practice of stealing.

The fourth leading question would be, "What did the dog do?" the answer to which would be, "The dog *ran.*" After making the boys spell the word *ran*, and asking its Bengali equivalent, the master would very likely make one of the boys run a little in the class, partly to illustrate the subject by an example, and partly to create a little merriment with a view to dissipate the tedium and languor consequent upon intellectual exertion; and he would perhaps conclude this part of his lecture with an exhortation to activity and diligence in all the pursuits of life.

The fifth leading question would be, "*At* what did the dog run?" the answer to which would be, "At a *cat.*" This domestic animal would then furnish the master with a number of questions regarding its habits—its usefulness in catching rats, its mischievousness in drinking up stealthily the milk of little children, its partiality for fish, and the semi-divine honours paid to it in this country.

The sixth and last question would be, "At how many cats did the dog run?" the answer to which would be, "*A* cat—*one* cat." The master would perhaps take this opportunity to touch upon the subject of numbers or arithmetic—a subject with which Bengali boys at this stage are not unacquainted.

It will be perceived, from the above example, that Duff's system of teaching was thoroughly intellectual. And it was as lively as it was intellectual. The ideas of the pupils were enlarged; their power of thinking was developed; they were encouraged to observe; they were taught to express their ideas in words; and as learning was made pleasant to them, their affections were drawn towards the acquisition of learning. This system was pursued, as I have already remarked, through all the classes of the Institution from the lowest to the highest. The higher classes—that is to say, the four classes of the

college department, which were under the immediate teaching of Duff and his accomplished colleagues — were so many *palæstræ* of intellectual gymnastics, in which the mental and moral powers of the pupils were braced and invigorated.

From the example given above, it is evident that the interrogatory system of teaching requires intelligent masters even in the very lowest classes. If the masters are not intelligent, the system becomes quite ridiculous. This sometimes happened in the General Assembly's Institution. In one of the text-books used in the lower classes, there occurs the following sentence:—"Abraham, the son of Terah, dwelt in Ur of the Chaldees." From this sentence one of the lower teachers framed the ridiculous question, "Who was whose son, and where did he live?"—a truly marvellous question, which even the wise men of the East could not satisfactorily answer. Duff saw from the beginning that his system required intelligent masters: he therefore sedulously set himself to the work of training teachers. He formed a teachers' class, to whom he lectured on the methods of teaching pursued in Scotland, in Switzerland, in Germany, in Prussia; and expounded the systems of Stow, of Fellenberg, and of Pestalozzi.

In the system of education pursued in my day in the General Assembly's Institution, two things were

greatly insisted on throughout the classes; and these were—*first*, a clear conception in the mind of an idea; and, *second*, the expression of that conception in words. Duff did not think that a boy had thoroughly caught hold of an idea unless he could express it in his own words, however inelegantly. We therefore took no notes of explanations given by the professors; indeed, no notes were given in the class, under the apprehension that they might contribute to cramming. How just that fear was must appear evident to every one who observes the mischievous consequences arising from the practice of giving notes now adopted in all the Indian colleges. The students of the present day never open their mouths in the class-room—unless, indeed, it be to make a noise. They take down the professor's words, commit them to memory—often without understanding them—and reproduce them in the examination hall. A copying-machine could do the same.

Another feature in the educational system pursued in the General Assembly's Institution was the judicious mixture of science with literature. At the present day the cry in India, as in Europe, is—Physical Science. And many people think it is a new cry. But thirty-five years ago Duff took his pupils through a course of physical science, in addition to a

high literary course. Mechanics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, optics, astronomy, the principles of the steam-engine—the text-books generally being of the Science Series of Lardner—were taught in the college classes. A course of lectures on chemistry was also delivered, accompanied with experiments; the youthful and fascinating science of geology was studied on account of its bearing on theology; while we were so familiar with the use of the sextant, with Norie's "Navigation," and with the "Nautical Almanac," that some captains of ships, after examining us, declared that some of my class-fellows could guide a ship safely from the Sandheads to Portsmouth. The Bengal colleges of the present day have not yet advanced so far as the General Assembly's Institution did, under the guidance of Duff, thirty-five years ago.

The last feature which I shall mention of Duff's educational system was the complete impregnation of literature and science with morals and religion. The system was thoroughly religious. There was an interpenetration, or rather a chemical union, of the religious element with the whole system of teaching. Science and literature were animated, vivified, hallowed, and baptized by the spirit of vital Christianity.

I shall conclude this chapter with a few words on the system of discipline. Boswell says that when

Johnson "saw some young ladies in Lincolnshire who were remarkably well behaved, owing to their mother's strict discipline and severe correction, he exclaimed, in one of Shakespeare's lines, a little varied,—

'Rod, I will honour thee for this thy duty.'"

Our ideas of discipline, whether at home or at school, have become so entirely revolutionized in this the latter half of the nineteenth century, that Johnson's eulogium seems to us utterly unintelligible. To flog boys for not learning their lessons is sufficiently absurd, but to flog tender girls is brutal. In the General Assembly's Institution, when it was under the superintendence of Duff, the rod was discarded. It was his opinion that a teacher who was unable to maintain order in his class without the application of the rod, was better fitted to be intrusted with the care of cows in the field than with the education of youth. The rod never enlightens; it seldom corrects; it often hardens; it not unfrequently demoralizes;—such were the principles instilled into the minds of the teachers in the General Assembly's Institution thirty-eight years ago, when corporal flagellation was the order of the day in all the schools of the country. And yet in no educational institution in the country was better discipline maintained than in Duff's school. This was brought

about chiefly by moral influence, and by an attractive system of teaching, which engaged the attention of the pupils and made them interested in their lessons. But though the services of the cane were never in requisition in the daily routine of teaching, recourse was had to them occasionally in the punishment of gross moral offences. These occasions were, however, few and far between; they were, indeed, so rare, that during my whole school and college career, I witnessed only three or four cases. These rare occasions were improved to the utmost. I remember one case, which has made an indelible impression on my mind. A big, stout boy, in one of the higher classes of the school department, had stolen a book of one of his class-fellows; had carried it home, and afterwards sold it in the bazaar. He had told many lies to conceal the theft; and had crowned all this by another act of still grosser immorality. As he was a notoriously bad boy, Duff wanted to make a public example of him. It was resolved to have him publicly flogged by the *durwan*, or gatekeeper, of the Institution, in the presence of all the students, and then to expel him from the school. All the eight hundred students were marched into the central hall. Duff got up on a bench and made a speech, explaining to the assembled students that though he was averse to flogging in the instruc-

tion of youth, yet that gross moral misconduct ought to be severely punished. He then entered into the particulars of the boy's case, and dwelt on the extreme depravity of his character. The culprit stood in the middle of the hall. The *durwan* went up to the boy with a big ratan in his hand. The order was—*thirty lashes.* The pliant cane descended upon the back of the boy in rapid succession, to the horror of the awe-stricken students. The *durwan* had reached number twenty, when a missionary professor, who had more of the milk of human kindness than most men, stepped forward, and interposing himself between the boy and the *durwan,* said in a loud voice, "*Aur nahi!*" (No more). The boy was then led through the "serried ranks" of students, and driven out of the school.

Though none of the masters of the school were allowed to use the cane for maintaining discipline, exception was made in the case of the "pandits"—that is, teachers of Bengali and Sanskrit. These worthy gentlemen, who for the most part had been village schoolmasters, and had freely used the rod during the better part of their lives, could not get on without that potent instrument. They used to be lectured upon the demoralizing effect of corporal flagellation, and upon the necessity of its abolition in the class-room. But the lectures were of no avail:

they maintained they could not command the respect and obedience of their pupils without the help of the ratan. Respect and obedience (at any rate, hearty obedience) the rod could never command, though it extorted fear most successfully; and I, for one, always looked upon the pandit as the very Rhadamanthus of a pedagogue. During my school career I was successively under three pandits. The last, who taught Bengali and Sanskrit in the highest classes of the Institution, and who had some knowledge of the English language, never used the rod, though he occasionally made use of his hand in slapping some recalcitrant boy. The first, who was a distinguished arithmetician, was a good type of the village schoolmaster, and as such made free use of the rod. To this very day I have no very pleasant recollections of his dreaded cane coming down with considerable force on my unfortunate skull. My second pandit—Muktaram by name—is associated in my mind with everything that is ill-tempered and cruel. He was an elderly man—probably fifty years old—had a thin and spare frame, and deep-set eyes. His was the "dreaded name of Demogorgon." I could never look upon him except with fear. The ratan was not the only weapon he wielded for upholding his authority. He poured upon the boys the vilest and dirtiest abuse; and sometimes, in a fit of

mad rage, took the slippers off his feet to strike the boys with them.

My Urdu teacher, the Munshi, a Brahman of Lucknow, was a perfect contrast to the choleric Sanskritist. Blessed with the most easy-going temper in the world, and addicted to toadyism on the largest scale, he was full of smiles and bows; and though his knowledge of Persian and Urdu was considerable, he had a weak intellect. His pupils knew that he was a simpleton, and therefore made a fool of him. He seldom found them in the class-room. Some were gone to drink water, some to eat sweetmeats, and others were sauntering about in the school-grounds. He never complained to the superintendent of the Institution, lest his incompetence should be discovered. His policy was to coax the boys. Day after day did the poor fellow beg and beseech his pupils, in the most abject manner, to attend to their lessons, and to take compassion on his gray hairs. The more generous among the students, pitying the degradation of their teacher, treated him with kindness,—respect being out of the question; but the mischievous ones tormented the poor man beyond measure. One boy stood behind the Munshi's chair and made faces; another took off the huge turban from the professorial pate, and threw it upon the ground; while a third occasionally had the hardihood of actually twirling

with his fingers the professor's moustache and whiskers. The poor Munshi bore it all with the meekness of a lamb, only breaking out now and then with the exclamation,—"Oh, what a naughty set of children you are!"

CHAPTER X.

SATURDAY VISITORS AND SUNDAY LECTURES.

FTER Dr. Duff's return from Scotland in the year 1840, every Saturday used to be a sort of gala day in the General Assembly's Institution. European ladies and gentlemen visited the Institution, went through the classes, and subjected the students of the college department to a *vivâ voce* examination in all the branches of their study. As every Saturday there were different visitors, the students had the privilege of seeing not only all the notabilities of Calcutta, but all those European gentlemen who passed through that city to other parts of India, and who felt themselves interested in the spread of either sound education or of Christianity among the people of Bengal. There used to be sometimes, amongst the visitors, members of the Governor-General's Council, secretaries to Government in the various departments, military men, civilians of all grades, barristers, Government chaplains, missionaries of all denominations, captains of

ships, and members of the mercantile community of Calcutta. I do not mean to say that all the visitors examined the students: though the examinations were led off by the missionary professors, some of the visitors always took part in them, and occasionally a lady put to the students questions on history, philosophy, and theology.

I must give the reader some idea of these Saturday examinations. We all of us,—I mean the students of the college department,—were marched off from our respective classes to the lecture-room, where we took our seats in the gallery. In front of the gallery there was a long table, round three sides of which the visitors were seated in chairs along with the missionary professors. After all the visitors had taken their seats, the Principal of the Institution took up the routine-board of the studies of the several classes, named some of the subjects aloud, and asked the visitors to begin the examination with any subject they chose. Generally the visitors would decline beginning the examination, requesting the Principal to do so. Suppose the first subject selected for examination is English literature. The examining visitor is then requested to select for examination any passage in the "Paradise Lost," or in the "Night Thoughts," or in the "Advancement of Learning," or in Bacon's "Essays,"—Shakespeare not being used in

those days, for obvious reasons, as a class-book in the Institution. A student reads aloud the passage selected. He is then asked to explain the passage in his own words, and is then subjected to a close grammatical, philological, and critical examination by the visitors,—the questions being answered not only by the student who has read the passage, but by any one of the students. Suppose the next subject is mathematics. The blackboard is then had in requisition, and some ill-starred youth is posed with a difficult exercise in spherical trigonometry, or the conic sections, or the differential calculus. Physics may next be upon the *tapis*, and a hundred questions are asked in mechanics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, astronomy, geology, and all the *ologies*. Perhaps the use of the sextant is required to be explained, or a model steam-engine is brought into the room, and a student is made to expound the discoveries of James Watt. History is next attacked, and the annals of Greece, Rome, India, and England pass rapidly in review. Then follow in quick succession logic with its *dictum de omni et nullo*, and *Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio*, and the rest of the barbarous nomenclature; rhetoric, with the canons of Aristotle and the comments of Whately; and Scotch metaphysics with the cobweb speculations of Hutcheson, Hume, Reid, Dugald Stewart, and Brown—the lec-

tures of Sir William Hamilton not having then been published. The whole is then wound up with questions on the Holy Scriptures and theology.

Though these examinations were almost always satisfactory, all the questions put being answered by the students, we were sometimes fairly floored. I remember one Saturday there was amongst the visitors a young clerical gentleman, who was, we were afterwards told, a chaplain on the Indian Ecclesiastical Establishment. He had just come out, and was evidently fresh from Cambridge. When the mathematical knowledge of the students was to be tested, the Principal, as usual, asked the visitors to put any questions on the higher mathematics and physics. On this the young clergyman got up and proposed a question from the "Mécanique Céleste," which then formed a part of the course of the highest class. One pupil went to the blackboard, and bravely went on for some time; but he was soon entangled in a wood of error, and had to give up. A second went, and met with similar success. Pupil after pupil went to the board, but, though lustily cheered on by the Principal and the Mathematical Professor, they all ignominiously failed. At last the Mathematical Professor came to the rescue, and the question was solved, not so much by the students as by the Professor.

These Saturday examinations did, I think, a great

deal of good: they made many influential European gentlemen take an interest in the education of Indian youth, and they also greatly encouraged the students. Moreover, we often benefited by the remarks made by the visitors. I remember the visit which the late Dr. Wise, at that time Secretary to the Council of Education, which succeeded the Committee of Public Instruction, paid to the Institution. As usual, we were all taken into the lecture-room and examined. After a very searching examination, Dr. Wise, at the request of the Principal, made a short speech, in the course of which, though giving us credit for possessing a larger amount of knowledge, and for more thoughtfulness, than the pupils of the Government colleges, he remarked that they had a more correct English accent, and expressed themselves in better English than we. This remark excited the diligence of some of the students, and made them anxious to remedy the defects pointed out.

Now that I am on the subject of visitors, I may here refer to a visit paid, some years after the period of which I am now speaking, by one of the best and greatest men whom Britain ever sent to India. One afternoon, about three o'clock, as I was standing on the steps of the door of the Institution—it had then removed from Cornwallis Square to Mathur Sen's house in Nimtala Street—a carriage drove up,

from which alighted a tallish gentleman of slender frame, and somewhat pale. He asked me whether Dr. Duff was in the Institution. I said, "No; he went home at one o'clock." He stood silent for a few seconds, and then again asked,—"Where does Dr. Duff live? Is it far from here?" I replied, "He lives in Cornwallis Square; it is about a mile from here." He stood again silent for a few seconds, and asked, "Who is in the Institution now?" I replied, "Dr. Ewart is here now." "Where is he? can you take me to his room?" He went up the stairs, I following him. I took him to the class-room of Dr. Ewart, to whom the stranger bowed, and expressed his desire to see the Institution, and go round the classes. Dr. Ewart, without asking the name of the stranger, took him round all the classes, stopping at some and putting a few questions. The stranger then requested Dr. Ewart to send one of the school servants with him to Dr. Duff's house, and before leaving he said, when asked, his name was Henry Lawrence. This happened, if my memory does not deceive me, not long before the breaking out of that terrible catastrophe in which Sir Henry Lawrence, the gallant soldier, sagacious statesman, and devoted Christian, lost his valuable life.

As the chief object of the General Assembly's Institution was to convert the students to Christianity,

the course of studies pursued in it was thoroughly saturated with the spirit of that religion from the lowest to the highest class. The very first Primer that was put into the hands of a boy learning the English alphabet contained some of the facts and doctrines of the Christian religion; and the course of studies was so regulated that his knowledge of Christianity increased in the same ratio with his knowledge of English: and thus it happened that the Hindu students of the fourth-year college class had often as systematic a knowledge of Christian theology as some curates in the country parishes of England. This was the case before the establishment of the Calcutta University, which institution, it must be confessed, has greatly affected the religious character of the missionary colleges. As missionaries prepare their students for the degrees of the University, they adopt the curriculum of studies prescribed by that learned body: they have, therefore, at present, less time for the Christian and theological training of their pupils than before; while the students themselves naturally pay little or no attention to those studies which do not pay in the University examinations. The state of things was different, however, in the pre-university days of which I am now speaking. The students were in those days thoroughly grounded in a course of natural theology,

a course of the evidences of Christianity, a course of systematic theology, a short course of ecclesiastical history, besides a course of lectures on almost the whole of the Holy Scriptures, from the Book of Genesis to the Book of Revelation. In addition to these Christian appliances in the class-room, public lectures were delivered by the missionary professors to the students on Sunday evenings. Of these lectures I wish to say here a few words.

Before the lecture-room, properly so called, which was on the south-eastern side of the Institution—I refer, of course, to the building in Cornwallis Square —was fitted up with a gallery, the Sunday lectures were delivered in the room which occupies the north-eastern corner of the house. On week-days the room was used as a class-room, and on Sundays it was converted into a church. On the north side there was a modest pulpit, in front of which there were rows of benches for the audience. As the lectures were delivered at night, the room was lighted by means of wall-shades. In the cold season the lectures commenced at six o'clock, and during the rest of the year at seven. No psalms or hymns were sung. The service began with the reading of a chapter of the Bible; prayer followed; the sermon or address, which lasted at least one hour, came next; and the service was closed with another prayer. As

the object of these lectures was to enforce the Scripture lessons imparted during the week-days in the class-room, the congregation was composed chiefly of the students of the college classes: the public, however, were not excluded, and every Sunday evening a good number of outsiders was present. At the close of the service the lecturer often asked the audience whether they had any remarks to make on the subject brought before them. The students seldom made any remarks; but some of the outsiders not unfrequently brought objections against the doctrines preached; and when this was the case, as it often was the case, the discussion lasted one hour, and sometimes two hours.

If I am not mistaken, these Sunday lectures were begun shortly after the arrival in the country of John Macdonald, in 1838, when Duff was away in Scotland. The lectures created a good deal of interest both among the students and the outside public from the beginning; but the interest was greatly enhanced after Duff's return from Scotland, as a great many outsiders were attracted to the lecture-room by the fame of his eloquence. And, in truth, that little room, in the north-eastern corner of the General Assembly's Institution, witnessed the delivery of more eloquent sermons and more powerful preaching than could be heard in those days, I do not hesitate

to say, in any church or cathedral in all India. There was Alexander Duff, with his impassioned preaching, presenting Christian truth both in its philosophical and in its practical aspect, and forcing that truth home to the heart and the conscience in tones of thunder. There was William Sinclair Mackay, with his "still small voice," full of pathos and reverence, setting forth in eloquent and graceful English the riches of divine truth. There was David Ewart, perhaps not so gifted as the other two, but more affectionate in his mode of presenting truth, dwelling chiefly on the evidences of the Christian religion, and endeavouring most patiently and sympathizingly to commend that religion to the understandings of his hearers. There was John Macdonald, with his ministerial experience acquired in London, unfolding the treasures of divine grace, of which he never tired to speak, in a stream of simple and impressive eloquence. And last, not least, there was Thomas Smith —at present the sole survivor of that immortal band —powerful in exhortation, and fervid in his appeals to awaken the heart and to quicken the conscience. When it is remembered that one or other of these men, mighty in the Scriptures and eloquent in expounding them, preached from Sabbath to Sabbath, I shall not be suspected of exaggeration when I say that there was in those days better preaching in the

little room of the General Assembly's Institution than perhaps in any ecclesiastical edifice, consecrated or unconsecrated, in all India.

During the time I attended these lectures, both as a Hindu and as a Christian convert, the discussions at the close of the sermon were generally led off by an old Brahman, a disciple of the late Ram Mohan Raya. He was about fifty years old, short in stature and thick-set, with a pair of singularly bright eyes, which gleamed with intelligence. He spoke English with wonderful rapidity, though not with equal accuracy. He had evidently studied the whole of the Bible, was thoroughly versed in the religious books of the Hindus, in which he had no faith, and was not unacquainted with the Koran. He had, like his master, Ram Mohan Raya, a great reverence for Christ, whom he represented to have been a perfect ideal man, and was more a Unitarian than a Brahmo, —indeed, his religious opinions nearly coincided with those of Dr. Channing of America, of whose writings he was a diligent reader. Almost every Sabbath evening he brought some objection or other against the doctrines preached. On one occasion, I remember, the discussion between this champion of Unitarianism and Duff lasted till eleven o'clock at night—the latter meeting with his usual felicity the objections ingeniously and acutely brought by the former. But the

most interesting, and sometimes the most amusing, discussions were the passages-at-arms between this redoubtable logician and John Macdonald. Possessed of a clear and cool intellect, of the easiest temper in the world, and of considerable humour, Macdonald united great logical power to the patience of a Job. He also evidently believed that ridicule is sometimes the test of truth; and not unfrequently there was a good deal of laughter amongst the audience at the expense of the champion of infidelity. In justice to Macdonald, however, I should remark that no minister was more solemn in the pulpit than he; it was only in the discussions which followed the sermon that he indulged in a little pleasantry, in order, I suppose, to complete the defeat of his theological opponent.

These lectures, to which I was a most regular listener, though a Hindu, at least nominally, began, as I have already said, either at six or at seven o'clock in the evening; but I used to go to the Institution usually at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. The intervening hours I spent with the converts, who, few in number, resided in the house of the superintending missionary on the premises of the Institution. With two of the converts, since dead, the lamented Mahendra Lal Basak, and the equally lamented Kailas Chandra Mukerjea, I was at

that time intimate. Mahendra was undoubtedly the most intellectual Bengali I have ever seen. Whatever subject he applied his mind to, he mastered. He was great in literature, great in mathematics, and great in metaphysics. When the Honourable Mr. Amos, the law member of the Governor-General's Council, offered a prize for the best knowledge of mathematics, to be competed for by the students of all the schools and colleges of Calcutta, Mahendra carried it off. He wrote a large number of original demonstrations of geometrical problems, which were admired by Professor Wallace of the Edinburgh University. When Duff was delivering, in the Institution, a course of lectures on mental philosophy, which created no little public interest, Mahendra sent anonymous letters to the lecturer, in which he combated some of his views with an acuteness and subtlety characteristic only of a highly philosophical mind. The other convert, Kailas Chandra Mukerjea, had none of the intellectual greatness of his comrade, but he was morally and spiritually great. He was the most lovable of human beings. I never saw him but I said in my mind,—"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." They were both prematurely cut off. They were pleasant in their lives; and in their death they were not divided, for they both went to their reward within a few weeks of each

other. Such were the two Christian friends in whose company I, nominally a Hindu, spent the Sunday afternoons. There were two other converts living in the same rooms with Mahendra and Kailas,—Jagadishwar Bhattacharjya, the present earnest and devoted Superintendent of the Free Church Mission at Mahanad; and Prasanna Kumar Chatterjea, the equally earnest and devoted Superintendent of the Free Church Mission at Chinsurah. With these two latter converts I was not intimate before my baptism; though after I became a Christian they were my dearest friends and companions, as we all three studied together for the ministry, were licensed together, and ordained together. I said above that I spent my Sunday afternoons with Mahendra and Kailas. Kailas was not all the time with us; but Mahendra and I sat together from two or three to six or seven o'clock in the evening, talking and reading to each other. I was usually the reader, and Mahendra the listener. And there he sat in a corner of the room for hours, of course with occasional interruptions, with his eyes shut, and his mind completely absorbed. If he failed to catch the sense of any passage read, he would call out, "Brother, read that passage over again." We read, of course, religious books, or semi-religious books, like the "Paradise Lost," the "Paradise Regained," Young's "Night

Thoughts," Pollok's "Course of Time," Grahame's "Sabbath," Chalmers' "Congregational Sermons," or "Astronomical Discourses," or "Commercial Discourses," or any other of his innumerable works. Our readings were interrupted only by the sound of the bell announcing the beginning of the lecture.

CHAPTER XI.

LETTERS TO LORD AUCKLAND.

IN the chapter before the last the narrative glided down almost imperceptibly to the close of the year 1842. But a passage in Duff's life which occurred in 1841 is too important to be passed over in silence, especially as it created great excitement at the time, and was not unattended with beneficial consequences. I refer to Duff's "Letters to Lord Auckland," in which he criticised that Governor-General's Minute on Native Education.

In a foregoing chapter I have dwelt on the controversy between the Orientalists and the Anglicists, and on its final settlement by Lord William Bentinck's famous Resolution, dated the 7th March 1835, in which the Governor-General in Council declared himself to be of the opinion "that the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science amongst the natives of India, and that all the funds appropriated for the purposes

of education would be best employed in English education alone." His Lordship also directed that all the funds which the reforms indicated by him "would leave at the disposal of the Committee, be henceforth employed in imparting to the native population a knowledge of English literature and science through the medium of the English language." This decision naturally produced intense dissatisfaction among the Orientalists. As Duff says, in his picturesque language: "The work of reform was now complete. The Oriento-maniasts were overwhelmed with amazement and dismay. Their gorgeous visions of literary monopoly and self-aggrandizement vanished like a dream. In a moment the old and fondly-cherished theory, that if European knowledge is to be conveyed at all, it can only be conveyed through the medium of the learned languages of India, exploded as if smitten with the wand of enchantment." It was chiefly with a view to remove this dissatisfaction of the Orientalists, who crowded round his Lordship on his accession to the viceroyalty, that Lord Auckland indited a Minute on Native Education, dated Delhi, November 24, 1839, though published some time after.

The Minute is an elaborate State paper, consisting of forty long paragraphs, in which various details find place; but the gist of the whole is that

a compromise should be effected between Orientalism and Anglicism; that while great attention should be paid to the promotion of European literature and science, native literature and science should also be encouraged; and that while the English language should be the medium of imparting instruction to the majority of the people, Sanskrit and Arabic should be the medium of communicating knowledge to certain privileged classes. Duff, who had strong convictions regarding the inutility of Oriental literature *as means of a sound and healthy education*, and of the vast importance of English literature, and who had, in the General Assembly of 1835, before seeing Lord William Bentinck's Resolution, pronounced the English language to be "the lever which, as the instrument of conveying the entire range of knowledge, was destined to move all Hindustan," was justly incensed at this retrograde policy. He wrote three letters, addressed to Lord Auckland, which were first published in the *Calcutta Christian Observer*, and afterwards reprinted in the form of a pamphlet with an introductory preface. These letters were so powerfully written that they produced a newspaper war which lasted for some months. I well remember the excitement they created in Calcutta. Day after day leading articles and letters from correspondents appeared in the local newspapers, attacking Duff

with great virulence, calling him "an enthusiast," "a fanatic," and applying to him other still more opprobrious epithets, but seldom grappling with his arguments. But Duff was more than a match for all his opponents put together. He wrote with wonderful rapidity. One morning a letter appears in the *Englishman* newspaper attacking Duff; the very next morning appears a reply, two or three columns long, replete with cogent arguments, with felicitous expressions, with vehement denunciations, with earnest expostulations, and with withering sarcasm. And this did not occur once or twice, but for weeks together. He must have dashed off the replies in, at the utmost, two or three hours, and sent them to the press the very same day, to enable the editor to publish them so soon. As a neighbour of mine, who was one of the masters in the Hindu College, took in the leading newspapers of Calcutta, I used to go to him every day, after returning from the Institution, to study all the literature of the controversy.

The first letter to Lord Auckland appeared in the May number of the *Calcutta Christian Observer* for the year 1841. It roused Calcutta from its slumbers. Calcutta had never seen such powerful writing. Its eloquence, its manliness, its lofty tone, its contempt of everything mean and vulgar, its downright plainness, its irresistible logic, its vehement denunciations,

its deep earnestness, and its high Christian principle, extorted admiration even from those who disagreed with its views. I read this letter and the other two letters in the year of their publication so often that I could repeat many passages. The opening paragraph is indelibly engraven on my memory:—

"My Lord, when the Governor-General of India has recorded his sentiments on a great national question, and when these have been rapturously responded to by so many of the councillors, the judges, the secretaries, and the leaders of public opinion, it may be deemed presumptuous in a Christian missionary to lift up his voice at all; more especially should that voice, however feeble, seem to mingle as a note of discord amid the fresh, full gale of popular applause. And so it would be, were the question exclusively one of mere worldly policy. But when it is found to be one which, in its essential bearings, concerns the souls fully as much as the bodies of men,—affecting the interests of eternity not less than those of time,—the Christian missionary must not, dares not, be silent, even if his voice should be uplifted against kings and governors and all earthly potentates. When the honour and glory of his divine Master, and the imperishable destinies of man, are involved, the ambassador of Jesus can brook no dalliance with mere human greatness, or rank, or power. In the spirit of

St. Basil, in the presence of the Roman prefect, he is ever ready to exclaim: 'In all other things you will find us the most mild, the most accommodating among men; we carefully guard against the least appearance of haughtiness, even towards the obscurest citizen, still more so with respect to those who are invested with sovereign authority: but the moment that the cause of God is concerned, we despise everything.'"

After a few words more by way of introduction, in which he shows that the fact of Lord Auckland's being a great statesman—(by the way, his statesmanship entirely broke down in the following year)—is not a sufficient guarantee of his being an authority in educational matters, he plunges into the middle of things, and proves, by a historical review of the subject, that the Delhi Minute, "by repealing the greater half of Lord William Bentinck's enactment, restores the *ancient reign* of Hindu and Mohammadan scholasticism." Or, in other words: "Let us," says Lord William Bentinck, "disendow error, and endow truth only." "Let us," replies Lord Auckland, "re-endow error, and continue the endowment of truth also." He then goes on to show that this compromise was demanded neither by the "promptings of generosity," nor by the "exigencies of State policy," nor by the calls of right and justice. There are also

positive reasons against the restoration of Hindu and Mohammadan literature. For what is education in its highest sense? Is it not "the improvement of the mind in all its capacities—intellectual, moral, and religious"? But "restricting it to the mere formation of the intellect, the question still remains, How is the intellect to be formed or cultivated? Is it by the inculcation of error or the introduction of truth?" It would be easy to show, from extracts from the best works in Oriental literature, that the staple of that literature consists of: "*first*, things frivolous and useless; *second*, false chronology and history; *third*, false science; *fourth*, false civil and criminal law; *fifth*, false logic and metaphysics; *sixth*, false morals and religion." The restoration of such a perilous heap of trash into the Indian colleges is a measure which cannot be sufficiently reprobated. "Surely, my Lord, when the Hosannahs that rise from present success are hushed, and the mind has retired into the chambers of imagery, and conscience has been revivified by inward reflection and the monitions of Providence,—surely your Lordship will be the first to shudder at the remembrance of having, without a cause, re-opened and re-endowed on the soil of poor, unhappy India, those laboratories of intellectual, moral, and religious poison which your noble predecessor had so generously resolved to close.

Language utterly fails me in attempting to embody my own impression of the degradation, the ignominy, the sin, of so fatal, so disastrous a retrogression."

The second letter, which appeared in the June number of the *Calcutta Christian Observer*, divides itself into two parts. In the first part, the writer expatiates on the distinction—lost sight of by the party of Orientalists—between the promotion of Oriental literature by Government for general purposes, and the making use of that literature as an instrument in the education of native youth. There can be no harm in the former, while the latter policy must be pronounced by all right-thinking men to be most mischievous in its consequences. In the second part of the letter, the writer praises that part of the Minute in which provision is made for rendering Indian colleges and schools better and more efficient than before. Lord Auckland had decided that in the Indian colleges there should be imparted "a complete education in European literature, philosophy, and science." Duff exclaims: "Here, at last, your Lordship has succeeded in planting your foot on a rock which neither the storms of controversy nor the floods of Orientalism will be able to shake. This was the clear-sighted resolution of your intrepid predecessor; and in simply confirming it, a nobler plume has been added to your garland of honours than the laurel wreath of the conquest of Afghanistan."

The letter concludes with the following eloquent pleading on behalf of popular education in India, containing a very happy parody on one of the finest flights of Canning's oratorical genius:—

"You write, my Lord, and you write well, about the desirableness and necessity of providing elementary and other class-books as preparatory to more extended instruction; but depend upon it, that without supplying more enlarged means, all that has been written or recommended on this head must evaporate into airy bubbles—promises without fulfilment, resolves without execution. You are also said to have given expression to the noble sentiment, that you 'would rather conquer the jungle with the plough, plant villages where tigers have possession, and spread commerce and navigation upon waters which have hitherto been barren, than take one inch of territory from your neighbours, or sanction the march of armies or the acquisition of kingdoms.' But has it not occurred to you, that while the great mass of the people lie steeped in the very slough of ignorance and superstition, sluggish apathy and intractable prejudice, such a glowing manifesto of your sentiments and wishes must remain but a gorgeous vision, as barren as the jungles to be ploughed or the waters to be navigated? And has it not forced itself upon you, in your meditative and forecasting moods,

that one of the most effective ways of turning the bright vision into actual realization is to send the schoolmaster everywhere abroad, to scatter with no niggardly hand those seeds of new principles and ideas which are the awakeners of latent energies, the heralds of coming change, and the precursors of a harvest of universal improvement? Often have we admired the boldness of the conception of a celebrated statesman, who, when taunted on occasion of the last invasion of Spain by France as to the diminution of British influence and the declension of British interests in the counsels of Europe which that event seemed to indicate, rose up in the British Senate, and in substance made the magnificent reply: 'While others were torturing their minds on account of the supposed disturbance of the equilibrium of power among the European States, I looked at the possessions of Spain on the other side of the Atlantic,—I looked at the Indies; and I called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old.' What is there, my Lord, to prevent you from attempting to emulate, in a much higher and nobler sense, the magnanimous spirit of this reply? The power of calling forth adequate means for the machinery of a national education must rest somewhere. Should your Lordship be the depositary thereof,—in the name of the millions that are cradled in penury,

nursed in superstition, reared in ignorance, live in joylessness, and die in black despair, alike unknowing and unknown,—in the name of these unhappy millions, we would implore you to exert it. Should it lodge in still higher quarters, from the urgency and conclusiveness of your Lordship's representations might emanate the influence which alone would prove sufficiently potent to evoke it. In either case, should your Lordship fully awake, and arise, and brace on your armour, in successfully pleading the cause and establishing the means of true Indian enlightenment, to you might redound the glory of an achievement the like of which has not yet been recorded in the annals of Asia; to you might belong the transcendent honour, in reference to the future triumphs of education in the East, of being privileged to show, that at a time when many were upbraiding the parent State with the diminution of influence at home, and others were racking their ingenuity in adjusting the disturbed equilibrium of its power abroad, you looked at the vast but dark dominions of Brahma on this side the great ocean,—you looked at the Indies, and called in a new empire to redress the balance of the old."

The third letter is devoted to the consideration of the subject of education without religion. Such a system of education must be extremely dangerous

"to the welfare of individuals and the stability of social order." Even irreligious men admitted this from views of political expediency. Lord Bolingbroke said,—"That religion is necessary to strengthen, and that it contributes to the support of, government, cannot be denied without contradicting reason and experience both." Robespierre said,—"If there were no God, a wise government would invent one." And Napoleon is reported to have said: "No society can exist without morals; and there can be no sound morals without religion. Hence there is no firm or durable bulwark for a state but what religion constructs; let, therefore, every school throughout the land assume the precepts of religion as the basis of instruction." A system of education without religion is also "partial and illiberal," since it does not cultivate the whole man; it is, moreover, utterly inefficacious in accomplishing its proposed object—which is the formation of the intellect—since it does not produce an equilibrium of the mental faculties; and, lastly, the object which it accomplishes is "comparatively but a poor and drivelling end."

That these letters produced some influence on the educational policy of the Government, there is not the slightest doubt, since from that time the promotion of Oriental literature, as a means of native education, has been neglected.

CHAPTER XII.

THE YEAR OF THE DISRUPTION.

WHEN the session of 1843 began, early in the month of March, all the missionaries were at their posts; Mr. Thomas Smith, who had gone to the Cape of Good Hope in quest of health, having returned to Calcutta in December of the previous year. Although I was not at the time a Christian—at least an avowed one—and therefore had not much intercourse with the missionaries, except that general sort which obtains between professors and students, yet, as I was in the highest class in the Institution, and on terms of cordiality with the converts, I knew the inner life of the Mission more than mere outsiders or than other non-Christian students. I could perceive that the missionaries were more than usually thoughtful, and took counsel with one another oftener than before. They were evidently expecting the occurrence of some grave event in the Church of their fathers, allusions to which were sometimes made in the Sunday even-

ing lectures. I remember one Sabbath evening Mr. Thomas Smith alluded to the anticipated Disruption, and became so overwhelmed with emotion that he burst into tears in the pulpit. The fact was, that by the month of February the missionaries had received accounts of the Convocation of ministers held at Edinburgh in November of the previous year, from the proceedings of which it was but too manifest that a split in the National Church of Scotland was impending. And I learned also a good deal of the feelings of the missionaries on this subject from the converts who were living with Duff in his house on the mission premises.

And here it may not be deemed unseasonable, at the near approach of the Disruption, to take stock, so to speak, of the converts. Krishna Mohan Banerjea, Duff's first convert, joined the Church of England shortly after his baptism; indeed, I do not think he ever took the communion in the Church of Scotland. Gopi Nath Nundy, the second convert, who was baptized by Duff in December 1832, went away in the following year to Upper India as Christian teacher in a school. Ananda Chandra Majumdar, the third convert and first-fruit of the Institution, went to England, came back to India in connection with the London Missionary Society, went away somewhere else, and died in 1841. Dwaraka Nath

Basu, who was baptized in 1837, was away in England studying medicine. Mahendra Lal Basak, who was baptized in March 1839, and Kailas Chandra Mukerjea, baptized in August of the same year—the two remarkable converts of whom I have already spoken—were residing on the mission premises at the time the Institution opened in March 1843; along with Jagadishwar Bhattacharjya, who was baptized in November 1841, and Prasanna Kumar Chatterjea, who was baptized in January following. There was another gentle youth, of the name of Madhab Chandra Basak, who was baptized in July 1842; but he died of consumption before the opening of the session of 1843. In June of that year both Mahendra and Kailas were sent to take charge of the new mission station of Ghoshparah, a village about thirty miles north of Calcutta; so that Jagadishwar Bhattacharjya and Prasanna Kumar Chatterjea were the only two converts who remained in Calcutta with the missionaries. But they soon found another companion; for I at last felt it my duty publicly to profess my faith in Christ (in whom I had believed for some time past), and was baptized by Mr. Thomas Smith, in the library-room of the General Assembly's Institution, on the 23rd of July 1843—two months after the Disruption had taken place in Scotland, though the news of it had not then reached

India. Two or three days before my baptism, Duff called me into his room, and said that he thought it proper to tell me that he was expecting to hear by an early mail that a split had already taken place in the Church of Scotland. He then stated briefly the principles which were at issue between the Church and the State; and told me that I was at liberty to join the Established Church or the outgoing ministers, just as I thought proper, though he and his colleagues had made up their minds to cast in their lot with the Evangelical party, who must have already left the Establishment. I replied, in substance, that I had not studied the question, and was no judge of its merits, though I hoped afterwards to study it. In the meantime, my path of duty was plain—namely, to stick to those who had shown me the way of salvation, and who were thus my spiritual fathers.

After my baptism I took up my abode with Jagadishwar and Prasanna, who were living in Duff's house, situated in the south-eastern corner of the grounds of the Institution. We three messed together by ourselves; but we joined Dr. Duff and Mrs. Duff (their children being away in Scotland) at family worship both morning and evening. Duff was punctual as clock-work. Exactly at eight o'clock in the morning—not one minute before or after—the prayer-bell rang, and we all were in the breakfast-

room, where the morning worship used to be held. Duff was always observant of the forms of politeness, and never forgot to shake hands with us, asking us the usual question, "How do you do?" By the way, Duff's shake of the hand was different from that of other people. It was not a mere formal, stiff, languid shake; but like everything else of him, it was warm and earnest. He would go on shaking, catching fast hold of your hand in his, and would not let it go for some seconds. The salutations over, we took our seats. We always began with singing one of the grand old Psalms of David, in Rous's Doric versification, Mrs. Duff leading the singing. Dr. Duff, though I believe he had a delicate ear for music, never led the singing; he, however, joined in it. He generally read the Old Testament in the morning, and the New Testament in the evening. When I joined the little circle,—and there were only five of us, Duff, Mrs. Duff, Jagadishwar, Prasanna, and I,—he was reading through the Psalms. He did not read long portions —seldom a whole psalm, but only a few verses. He seldom made remarks of his own, but read to us the reflections of some pious divine on those verses. When going through the Psalms he used to read the Exposition of Dr. Dickson; and in the evening, when going through the New Testament, he made use of the Commentary, if my memory does not fail me, of

Girdlestone. The reading over, we all knelt down. Oh, how shall I describe the prayers which Duff offered up both morning and evening! They were such exquisitely simple and beautiful prayers. Much as I admired Duff in his public appearances—in the pulpit and on the platform—I admired and loved him infinitely more at the family altar, where, in a simple and childlike manner, he devoutly and earnestly poured out his soul before our common Father in heaven. Most men in their family prayers repeat, for the most part, the same things both morning and evening. Duff's prayers were fresh and new every morning and evening, naturally arising out of the verses read and carefully meditated over. And oh, the animation, the earnestness, the fervour, the deep sincerity, the childlike simplicity of those prayers! They were fragrant with the aroma of heaven. They were prayers which Gabriel or Michael, had they been on earth and had they been human beings, would have offered up. I, at that time a young convert, experienced sensations which it is impossible to describe. I felt as I had never before felt. I seemed to breathe the atmosphere of heaven. I seemed to be transported into the third heaven, standing in the Holy of Holies in the presence of the Triune Jehovah. Duff's sympathies in prayer were wide and catholic. He prayed for every section of

the Church of Christ, and pleaded, morning and evening, most fervently on behalf of the heathen perishing for lack of knowledge. In the mornings we came away immediately after prayers to our breakfast, as we were required to be ready for the Institution by ten o'clock; but in the evenings, when the family worship began at nine o'clock, Duff would often ask us to stay after prayers, and engage in conversation with us, not on any trifling, every-day, ephemeral thing, but on subjects of grave import; and sometimes we sat with him for more than an hour. How thankful do I feel for those quiet evening conversations, in which Duff impressed on our youthful minds the highest truths and the holiest principles. Those were, indeed, happy days: if they could be called back, I would, if I could, prolong them indefinitely. Jagadishwar, Prasanna, and I lived together as brothers. They were both senior to me in years and in the profession of Christianity, though I was in a higher class in the Institution than they. But there were no jealousies, no rivalries between us; on the contrary, we provoked each other to love and to good works. Not one angry word ever passed between us. Prasanna and I were both of studious habits, and had to depend not a little on the kind offices of the affectionate, gentle, and tender-hearted Jagadishwar. He was to us like an elder

sister. We had, of course, hard secular subjects to master for the class-room; but we spent our leisure hours in reading and enjoying religious works of rich spiritual flavour—"The Letters of Samuel Rutherford," Archbishop Leighton's "Commentary on the Epistles of St. Peter," "The Life of Henry Martyn," and his "Diary," "The Life of David Brainerd," "The Cloud of Witnesses," "Scots Worthies," and the like.

Early in August the mail brought us news of the great Disruption. We read the proceedings of the General Assembly with breathless interest. Though born in Bengal of heathen parents, we, the converts, felt for the Church of Scotland as if it had been the Church of our fathers; and so it was, in truth, for it was the Church of our spiritual fathers. We seemed to be present at St. Giles's in Edinburgh, and to listen to the sermon of the Moderator of the General Assembly, the accomplished and learned Dr. Welsh, on the appropriate text, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." We seemed, in fancy, to walk from St. Giles's to St. Andrew's, where we joined in the devotions previous to the constituting of the Assembly, and where we heard the retiring Moderator read the Protest, after which, bowing to the Royal Commissioner, he bade adieu to a Church domineered over by the State. We seemed to see

the great pillars of the Church—the Chalmerses, the Gordons, the Candlishes, the Cunninghams, and a whole host besides—follow in the wake of Welsh, march in procession through the crowded streets, amidst the plaudits of enthusiastic multitudes, to the great hall in Canonmills where accommodation had already been made for the meeting of the Free General Assembly.

The Disruption naturally affected the Scottish ministers and congregations in Calcutta. The two chaplains, Dr. Charles and Mr. Meiklejohn, retained their connection with the Established Church, while all the missionaries—Duff, Mackay, Ewart, Macdonald, and Smith—left it, and organized a Free Church in Calcutta, being followed by some influential members of St. Andrew's congregation. I was present, on the 13th of August 1843, in the Freemasons' Hall at Cossitollah, now called Bentinck Street, when and where the first public services of the Free Protesting Church of Scotland, as it was then called, were held. Duff preached in the morning, his text being Proverbs x. 28: "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness: but the expectation of the wicked shall perish." It was a sermon of great power. It made many bearded men shed tears. The sermon was afterwards published, with the title, "The Cause of Christ and the Cause of Satan." Its object was to show, chiefly by

a historical retrospect, that the cause of truth and righteousness, which is the cause of Christ, has always been making progress since the beginning of the world, while the cause of error and sin, which is the cause of Satan, has sustained signal defeats; and that the believer is assured, on God's own testimony, that the cause of Christ will ultimately achieve a glorious triumph. I shall quote here only one short passage, in which the preacher alludes to the great and eternal truth for the maintenance of which the Disruption in the Church of Scotland took place:—

"And now, dear friends, it will devolve upon us, and the true people of God in every land, to arise and vindicate his *kingly* character against the *infidel* Antichrist, whose forces are now gathering out of the *débris* and dissolution of all ancient systems and opinions that have on them the brand and impress of one or other of the myriad-headed forms of unbelief! The kings of the earth are now setting themselves, and princes and judges are now combining, against the Lord and his Anointed. No power will they tolerate, no authority will they brook, except what emanates directly or indirectly from themselves. For the ends of carnal policy and selfish aggrandizement will they seize on and usurp the Redeemer's intrinsic and inalienable right to rule and govern in his own house, and trample remorse-

lessly under foot all the divinely-conferred rights and liberties of his redeemed and ransomed people. With contemptuous scorn and insulting insolence will they refuse to acknowledge him, in his rightful supremacy, as King and Governor among the nations. Let us, then, dear friends, while testifying to *all* truth, bear special testimony to *the truth—the great central truth*—now about to be assailed by the mightiest confederacy that has been leagued in error since the world began. Let us erect our standard, and float our streaming banner to the breeze, engraven with these words, exhibiting the most radiant jewel in the Redeemer's imperial crown: 'The Kingship of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Prince of all the kings of the earth, and his supreme Headship over his own kingdom of grace, both visible and invisible.'"

In the evening Mr. Macdonald preached a most excellent sermon on the appropriate text: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. xviii. 20); a text which has been justly called the charter of the Christian Church. An additional interest was given to the service in the evening by the baptism of Behari Lal Sing, who afterwards laboured so assiduously at Rampore-Beauleah in connection with the English Presbyterian Church, and who died three years ago. Thus was laid the foundation of the Free Church of

Scotland in Bengal. The Rev. J. Macdonald was appointed provisional pastor of the new congregation.

The missionaries published an "Explanatory Statement," in which they briefly but clearly described the causes of the Disruption, and stated their reasons for leaving the Established Church. For promoting the good cause, a monthly periodical, called the *Free Churchman*, was also started early in September, which, I believe, was edited by Mr. Macdonald. In the first number of this periodical there appeared, apparently from the pen of the editor, a singularly lucid article, with the heading, "Why Separate?" Some of the members of St. Andrew's congregation in Calcutta who remained connected with it, used sometimes to say to those who left it and formed the Free Church,—"Hold your opinions as you will on these Church matters, but *why separate?*" To this question the article in the *Free Churchman* gives a clear and able answer. The reasons of separation are dwelt upon in the article at some length. I give here the bare reasons without giving the enlargement:—

"1. We separate, *as Christians*, because it is the very first law of our being, as such, to adhere supremely to the LORD JESUS CHRIST; and therefore to separate ourselves from every object, interest, or relation that opposes us, or will not permit us, in any one point,

to adhere fully to him as the Saviour of the world, or as the Head of the Church.

"2. We separate, *as Church members*, because we would avoid the sins of heresy and schism; heresy as to the *Head* of the Church, schism as to its *members*.

"3. We separate, *as Church-establishment men*, from the State, not because we hold such establishments to be unscriptural, inexpedient, or impossible—nay, rather, we hold that, in a pure and independent form, they constitute the strength and glory of Christian nations, and believe that they will yet be the glory of the whole world—but because the British State now denies all spiritual independence to the Church as established by law in Scotland, and has, by its various Civil Courts, subordinate and supreme, avowedly sanctioned and encouraged judicial interference with almost every one of the Church's functions, so that of late not one of these could be performed without liability to secular coercion and civil penalties.

"4. We separate, *as members of the Church of Scotland*, from that Church as *now* established by law, because it has ceased to be what it formerly was understood to be,—ecclesiastically free, spiritually independent.

"5. We separate *from any particular congregation*

of that Establishment, on the principle, as clear as Euclid's axioms, that the whole consists of the parts; that therefore we cannot separate from the whole, but by separating from each and all of its parts.

"6. We separate *from the congregation of St. Andrew's Kirk in Calcutta,* because it is, in every possible way, ecclesiastically incorporated with that Established Church of Scotland from which first we have in principle separated.

"7. We separate, because we see that ultimately will arise from such separation certain *benefits* not otherwise to be obtained—benefits to ourselves and to others—and benefits which will richly repay the sacrifice made to purchase them."

At the request of a large number of the adherents of the Free Church, Dr. Duff delivered in the Town Hall of Calcutta, during the months of September and October, four lectures on the "Causes which led to the Recent Disruption of the Established Church of Scotland, and the Consequent Formation of the Free Church of Scotland." The subject of the first lecture, which was delivered to a large and respectable audience on the 19th of September, was an explanation and vindication of the doctrine of the "sole and supreme Headship of the Lord Jesus Christ over the Church." The second lecture, which was delivered on the 26th of September, gave a historical review

of that doctrine, and of the struggles it had to contend against, from primitive times to the Revolution of 1688, when it was illustriously vindicated. Duff had intended to deliver these lectures every week, but after the delivery of the second lecture he became unwell: the third lecture was therefore not delivered till the 16th of October; and on that evening I observed—for I was a regular attendant on all the lectures—that he was led to the platform, for he could not walk without help. In this lecture he traced the history of the Church of Scotland, with special reference to the doctrine of the Headship of Christ, from the Revolution to the close of the last century, giving an analysis of the Revolution Settlement of 1690, in which the doctrine in question was gloriously illustrated, describing the nature and objects of the Act of Security in 1707, unravelling the plot of the Jacobite ministry of Queen Anne, who violated the national faith and restored Patronage, and depicting the "dreary horrors of Moderate ascendency" in the Church. The concluding lecture, which was delivered on the 24th of October, treated of the recent history of the Church of Scotland,—of the waning of the dreary night of Moderatism, of the dawn of Evangelicalism, of Andrew Thomson's Anti-Patronage Society, of the era of Reform, of the Veto Act of 1834, of the two Auchterarder cases, and of

the proceedings of the memorable 18th of May 1843. It is superfluous to remark that the lectures were exceedingly eloquent, that they were delivered with great animation and spirit, and that they contributed greatly to the enlightenment of the Christian inhabitants of Calcutta regarding the real causes of the Disruption of the Church of Scotland. I noticed that every one of the lectures was attended by a good number of educated Hindus, who were attracted only, of course, by Duff's extraordinary eloquence. Early next year the lectures were published together in a volume, to which the lecturer affixed a prefatory note. In this note Duff condescends to notice a charge which was brought against him at the time and at other times; and as we think the vindication just, we reproduce it here:—

"The author has throughout expressed himself with a strength of language suited to his own honest conviction of the *truth* and *reality*, as well as *transcendent importance*, of the topics discussed. He is quite aware that on this score he is liable to be charged by some with a want of 'Christian meekness, humility, and charity.' This, however, he cannot help. He has no doubt in his own mind that, on this very subject, there is much erroneous sentiment abroad. 'A severe word or a sharp rebuke,' as a home journalist has expressed it, 'without considera-

tion of the circumstances, is considered by many to be inconsistent with Christian meekness and love. But this cannot be the case; for we know that Christ himself (as in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew) rebuked the scribes and Pharisees with the most appalling severity; and still, while so engaged, his meekness and love were untainted and complete.' Or, as another Christian writer has expressed it, 'There will always be persons who object to strong language on any subject. I confess I am not one of them; for I do not believe that *strong thoughts* can ever be effectually conveyed in *weak language*. And when I hear people, as I sometimes do, object to the *spirit* in which sin is rebuked, or error chastised, or Jesuitism exposed,—when, in point of fact, it is not in a *wrong* spirit, but simply in a *strong* spirit, naturally produced by the abhorrent feelings of the writer,—I can have no sympathy with the objection.'"

Language is, as De Quincey somewhere remarks, not so much the *dress* as the *incarnation* of thought. If the thought be strong, that is to say, if the thought be the thought of an ardent and earnest thinker, the language will be necessarily strong. No good has ever been done in the world or in the Church by weak thought and weak language.

During the whole of the year 1843 the work of the Institution was carried on, as usual, in the premises

in Cornwallis Square. The session was brought to a close on the 16th of January 1844. That year I was the dux of the Institution, and won the Macfarlane Gold Medal, which was given to the lad who obtained the highest number of marks in a competitive written examination, lasting for four or five days, in all the branches of study in the college department. These were the studies of the highest college class:—

Theology: Bible, nearly the whole; Scriptural doctrines with textual proofs; Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ." *Poetry:* Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained;" Young's "Night Thoughts." *Prose:* Bacon's "Essays;" Bacon's "Novum Organum" (Dr. Thomas Smith's translation); Foster's "Essay on Popular Ignorance." *Philosophy:* Brown's "Lectures on Mental and Moral Philosophy," four volumes nearly. *Mathematics:* Analytical geometry; spherical trigonometry; the differential calculus; optics. *Physics:* Geology, magnetism, steam navigation. *Sanskrit:* The "Mugdhabodha." *Persian:* "Gulistan," "Bostan."

Even on the day of the public distribution of prizes, the missionaries did not know whether they would be allowed in future to carry on their labours in the buildings in Cornwallis Square, or would be ousted from them. Thus, in dim uncertainty, closed the session of 1843.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FREE CHURCH INSTITUTION.

JUST one week after the close of the session of 1843, the missionaries heard that the Established Church of Scotland had refused to give them the use of the buildings in Cornwallis Square. Duff was naturally incensed at this decision of the Established Church, as it was chiefly through his own personal exertions that the money for the buildings had been raised, and the library and apparatus of mathematical and philosophical instruments collected; and yet he could not well dispute the legal right to them of the old Assembly. In consequence of this decision the missionaries were thrown into serious difficulties. The chief difficulty was to get, in the native part of the town, a house sufficiently large to afford accommodation for the instruction of a thousand pupils—for such was the number at the end of the previous session. After a world of trouble, such a house was got in Nimtollah Street, in the heart of the native town,

which went by the name of Mathur Sen's House. It was certainly a magnificent house, with a splendid hall in the upper story, and I know not how many rooms upstairs and downstairs. It was admirably suited for accommodating the largest educational establishment in Asia; and it did so for the long period of thirteen years. Duff left his house on the ground of the old Institution in Cornwallis Square, and hired one in Bow Bazaar. We, the converts, did not now take up our abode with him, as Bow Bazaar was far from Nimtollah Street; we hired a small house for ourselves in a street not far from the new Institution, and afterwards removed to another house, still nearer the Institution, in Bartala, a street which may well be designated the Grub Street of Calcutta, as cheap and low vernacular literature is manufactured and sold there. The other missionaries had always been living in hired houses in different parts of the town.

The management of such a large educational establishment as the Free Church Institution could not but be attended with heavy expense. It is true the missionaries received their salaries from Scotland, but the rest of the expense had to be met by local contributions; and that expense was not light. The cost of repairs and alterations for putting the new house in order was estimated at 6000 rupees; the school furniture cost about 2000 rupees. The monthly

expense of the Institution, including the rent of the house and the pay of the assistant-masters, was upwards of 800 rupees. So great, however, was the liberality of the friends of the Mission, that these expenses were not only met, but Duff was enabled to purchase, for the sum of 18,000 rupees, a plot of ground, not far from the new Institution house, on which to erect new buildings for the Institution. Contributions flowed in, not only from various parts of India, but also from the New World—Mr. Lenox, a wealthy citizen of New York, having sent to Duff the munificent contribution of £500. The library had to be given up, but within a few days the nucleus of a new one was formed. Dr. Simon Nicolson, the first physician of Calcutta, and a member of the Free Church, sent to Duff out of his own library no less than 640 volumes; another gentleman sent 100 volumes; a third, 80 volumes; while a native gentleman, not a Christian, presented 200 volumes. Nor were philosophical instruments wanting, a good beginning towards such a collection being made by the presentation of a Herschel's ten-foot telescope by Mr. J. C. Stewart, of the Union Bank, a son of the late Dr. Stewart of Canongate, Edinburgh. Under such encouraging circumstances, the new Institution, henceforth to be called the Free Church Institution, was, agreeably to previous an-

nouncement, opened on the 4th of March 1844. On that day there were 500 boys present; a few days after, the number swelled to 700; and before the end of the following month, it rose to 1050—a number larger than the missionaries ever had in the old General Assembly's Institution. At the distribution of prizes, which was held on the 27th of December, the number on the roll was 1257. Well might Duff and his colleagues exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Although I was the dux and medallist of the session of 1843, yet as I was anxious to receive further teaching from the missionaries, I was allowed to remain in the highest class for two years longer: hence it happened that I was the dux of the Institution and medallist in the sessions of 1843, 1844, and 1845.

Owing to the Disruption, we lost the branch station of Ghoshparah; and our brethren Mahendra and Kailas, who were labouring there, came down to Calcutta. Mahendra and his wife lived in the same house with us at Bartala, and Kailas and his wife took up their residence in the house of Mr. Macdonald. We had another branch station at Taki, about fifty miles to the east of Calcutta; but as that was the property of the rich native landholders of that place, we had not to give it up. The school, however, which was under the superintendence of Mr. W. C. Fyfe—now the Rev. W. C. Fyfe—then

simply a lay teacher, was removed to Barahanagar, in the suburbs of Calcutta, where the landholders of Taki had their town seat. We also retained the branch station of Culna, fifty miles to the north of Calcutta, where Mr. Chill, an East Indian, was labouring.

In the year 1844 an accession was made to the Native Church of five baptized persons. The first was a Hindu youth of the name of Gobinda Chandra Das, who was formerly a pupil of the General Assembly's Institution, but who had left it some time before. Though of humble abilities, he was a man of real piety, and laboured usefully in the Institution as a subordinate teacher from the day of his baptism to last June, when he died. The other four baptized persons were of the Jewish nation. The name of the oldest was Abraham, more than sixty years of age, and of venerable look; the second was Isaac, in the prime of manhood, a learned doctor, well versed in rabbinical lore; the third was a young man of the name of Joseph, and his wife, who was the daughter of Abraham, was the fourth. These Jewish converts took up their abode in a house adjoining that in which we lived. But our house was soon to become as populous as a bee-hive.

The year 1845 opened with a series of remarkable conversions. The first young man that offered him-

self as a candidate for baptism was Guru Das Maitra, a distinguished student of the Institution. He was baptized towards the end of January by Mr. Thomas Smith. After labouring for some years at Culna and Bansberriah, another of our branch stations, he went up to the Punjab, where he was ordained as a minister of the gospel by the American Presbytery of Lahore. He came down some years since to take charge of the native Free Church congregation at Cornwallis Square, to which he still ministers in holy things.

During the interval which elapsed between this case of conversion and the next, there occurred two mournful events—the death of Kailas Chandra Mukerjea, and the death of Mahendra Lal Basak. Kailas died on the 27th February 1845, from the utter debility of his constitution, which had been induced by an attack of cholera a year before; and Mahendra died of cholera on 7th April. Kailas had been in bad health for a whole twelvemonth; his death, therefore, did not take us by surprise. The death of Mahendra was terribly sudden. Kailas died in Mr. Macdonald's house; Mahendra died in the house in which we lived, and in our presence. I shall never forget the affectionate concern which the missionaries manifested during the few days of Mahendra's illness. Duff used to come and see him every

day. Mr. Thomas Smith not only came every day, but stayed for hours, and sometimes ran at midnight on foot to the dispensary for medicine; while the gentle and affectionate Ewart sat on Mahendra's bed, and fanned him with his own hand through the livelong night. Mahendra, as I have said in a foregoing chapter, was a youth of genius and piety—a rare combination; and Kailas was meekness itself. We used to call Mahendra, Paul, and Kailas, the beloved Apostle. Great hopes were entertained of them; but the Lord took them away. In the very bloom of youth—and they were not more than two-and-twenty—they were cut down. We, the converts, especially Jagadishwar, Prasanna, and I, mourned over them as over our eldest brothers. But we hope to meet them again in the realms above; and that will be a happy and blessed reunion! Mr. Macdonald published a short "Memorial" of Kailas, and Dr. Ewart a more elaborate one of Mahendra.

The same month which saw the remains of Mahendra put in the grave witnessed the baptism of two interesting persons—Umesh Chandra Sarkar, and his young and intelligent wife. Umèsh died some years after his baptism, and his widow, now Mrs. Chatterjea, has long laboured diligently in connection with the Duff Girls' School, of which I shall speak afterwards. Then came the case of Baikuntha

Nath De, now the Rev. Baikuntha Nath De of Culna, which created a great sensation in the Hindu community, on account of his being carried away by his brother by main force from the house of Mr. Thomas Smith, and of Mr. Smith's getting out a writ of *Habeas corpus* against the offender. The upshot was, that Baikuntha Nath was received into the Church by the rite of baptism. He is now a probationer of the Church, and is usefully employed in superintending the Culna Mission. The next candidate for baptism was a smart, clever lad, of the name of Banko Behari Basu, who was baptized by Dr. Ewart in the month of May. Poor Banko! how I pitied his case! Some years after his baptism he fell into sin, and was excommunicated, on which he went to his heathen home. In the course of a preaching tour I met him in his heathen home, and was glad to find that he had not only not abjured Christianity, but was in a penitent state of mind. He died shortly after. I have a strong hope that he had made peace with his God before he died. In the same month of May, another student of the Institution, Harish Chandra Mitra, was baptized; and on the first day of the next month another student, Beni Madhab Kar, was added to the Church. These two last converts proved very unsatisfactory: eventually they both joined the Church of Rome—the only cases of perversion to

Romanism in our Mission. This series of conversions was concluded with the baptism of the Hindu wives of Prasanna Kumar Chatterjea and Gobinda Chandra Das, who came away from their heathen homes and joined their Christian husbands.

The case of the two perverts to the Church of Rome, mentioned above, reminds me of a course of lectures delivered, in the end of the year 1844 and the beginning of 1845, by the missionaries of Calcutta, on the errors and evils of Romanism. In this course of lectures, originated, I believe, on the suggestion of Mr. Macdonald, nearly all our missionaries took part. Duff delivered a most eloquent discourse on the "Jesuits, their Order and Morality;" Ewart lectured on the "Idolatry of the Church of Rome;" Macdonald, on the "Doctrine of Grace as perverted by Romanism, with Special Reference to the Doctrine of Justification by Faith;" and Dr. T. Smith, on the "Rise and Progress of Popery, including its Hierarchy and Dogmas." All the lectures of the course, including those delivered by missionaries of other Societies, were published together in a volume; but two of them were reprinted separately in Britain—Duff's masterly exposure of Jesuitism, and Macdonald's impressive discourse on the Doctrine of Grace. Nor was William Sinclair Mackay altogether silent on the subject of Romanism. Indeed, his attacks on Jesuitism and Puseyism in

the pages of the *Calcutta Review* and the *Christian Observer* were, perhaps, more effective than anything written on those subjects by his colleagues.

On the 1st of September 1847, after an illness of only one week, passed to his rest the sainted John Macdonald. It was a terrible blow, not only to the Mission, but to the cause of evangelical Christianity in India. Of him, as one of my instructors, I shall speak at some length in the next chapter. But God never leaves his people comfortless. It is singular that on the Sabbath which followed the day of Macdonald's death, on the very day on which his funeral sermons were preached, three pupils of the branch school at Barahanagar, the head-master of which was at that time Mr. Ardwise, an East Indian, were received into the Church by the rite of baptism. One of them was Pran Krishna Ganguli, who afterwards served for some years in the service of the East India Railway Company, and is now head-clerk in one of the district courts of Upper India; the second was Jadu Nath Banerjea, who is now also employed in a district court in Eastern Bengal; and the third was Kali Das Chakravartti, who is now head-master in a mission school in the Punjab. Three months after these baptisms occurred another—that of Shib Chandra Banerjea, who, though in secular employment in the Government Treasury, devotes his leisure hours to

the preaching of the gospel. Some months after, three other young men were added to the Church—Surjya Kumar Haldar, now usefully employed in the Free Church Institution as an assistant-master; Dina Nath Adhya, who holds a high position in the subordinate executive service of Government; and Uma Charan Ghosh, who is now head-master of an important mission school in the Punjab.

About this time a renegade Irishman, of the name of Tuite, who professed to have fought at the battle of Waterloo—thinking, no doubt, that disputing in theological matters was as easy an affair as the shooting of a musket—at the instigation of some Hindus hostile to Christianity, challenged Duff to a public discussion on the merits of Christianity. The challenge was accepted, and the controversy came off in the hall of the Free Church Institution in the presence of a large audience. Tuite was assisted by two young Hindus. It appeared from the moment that Tuite opened his lips that he was an ignorant, conceited, shallow man, who had hardly received any education; and I, for one, wondered at Duff having accepted the challenge of such an ignoramus. But the event showed that Duff had acted wisely. His plan was to begin the discussion every time with a lecture of his own, after the delivery of which Tuite and his native allies were invited to state objections;

and the discussion was wound up with a reply from Duff. Carried on in this manner, the discussion was productive of unmixed good. For two whole months nearly the native town was greatly excited by this controversy, and week after week the spacious hall of the Free Church Institution was crowded to suffocation. The native opponents were at last silenced, and the hero of Waterloo was fairly beaten off the field.

After the death of Dr. Chalmers, in May 1847, a wish was generally expressed by the Church at home to recall Duff from India, that he might fill the chair of Chalmers in the New College. Duff threw cold water on the proposal, and the matter was dropped for a time. It was resumed, however, after a year, and discussed in the Presbyteries and in the Commission of the Assembly. When the matter took this grave form, the converts, the students, the Pandits, and the East Indian community of Calcutta sent addresses to Duff, eulogizing the services he had rendered to India, and begging of him not to leave the country to accept the Principalship of the New College. His colleagues were of the same opinion with the public. But though unwilling to leave the mission field permanently, Duff was persuaded by the Home Committee and by his colleagues in Calcutta to go to Scotland for a time, with a view to excite, as in the year 1835,

the missionary zeal of the Free Church of Scotland. But before leaving the country, he determined to take a survey of the whole of the Indian mission field; so that, though he left Calcutta in April 1849, he did not leave India for Scotland till March 1850, spending the intervening eleven months in visiting all the principal mission stations in India. Of that visitation we shall speak in a future chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN MEMORIAM: JOHN MACDONALD.

JOHN MACDONALD, son of Dr. Macdonald of Ferintosh, usually called the Apostle of the North, was born at Edinburgh in 1807. He was educated at home, with the aid of a tutor, and was afterwards sent to the Aberdeen University, where he distinguished himself alike by his mathematical and literary attainments. In 1831 he became minister of the Scottish Church, River Terrace, Islington, London. At first he was somewhat cold on the subject of missions to the heathen, but his interest in them was awakened by the fervid eloquence of Duff in 1835. When Duff subsequently visited the Presbytery of London, he was struck with Macdonald's spirituality of mind and singleness of purpose, and coveted him as a colleague in Calcutta. When, in 1837, the Mission Committee were in circumstances to send an additional labourer to Calcutta, and Duff was asked to suggest a suitable person, he at once mentioned the name of John Macdonald. An

invitation to proceed to India was accordingly sent him. He accepted the invitation, and addressed to the Presbytery of London a statement of his reasons, which was afterwards published. He reached Calcutta early in 1838.

As his special work in the General Assembly's Institution was the teaching of theology, I did not begin to receive instruction from him till the commencement of the session of 1841; but from that year I continued to sit at his feet one hour every day in the week till the close of the session of 1845. He took me, during these five years, through the whole of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, expounding the sacred writings with great clearness and power, pouring a flood of light on difficult passages, and removing infidel and rationalistic objections with singular logical acumen. His lectures on Christian theology—of which I took copious notes—were to me of the utmost value. It was from these lectures that I first obtained a systematic view of the doctrines of Christianity. Avoiding all metaphysical discussions, he placed before his students the whole teaching of the Scriptures in a plain, practical, and clear manner. He also lectured on the whole of the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," making us take uncommon interest in the "progress" of the "pilgrim" from the "City of Destruction" to the "Celes-

tial City;" on Dr. Barth's Church History; on President Edwards' "History of Redemption," and on other books. Though in his younger days he had greatly distinguished himself in the university, as I have already said, in all the branches of a liberal education, he determined, when he came out to India as a missionary, to teach no secular subject, but to devote all his energies to the teaching of the Bible and the theology contained in it. And during the nine years of his missionary career he never swerved from this determination, except only on one occasion, when he was prevailed upon—owing to the departure on sick-leave of Mr. Thomas Smith to the Cape of Good Hope—to teach for some months the poems of Cowper in the class of which I was a member; and I doubt whether he would have agreed to lecture on any other English poet than, perhaps, Milton, in whose "Paradise Lost," however, he lamented the insinuation of a sort of semi-Arianism, the fabrication of a Christian, or rather infernal, mythology, and the investment of the character of the evil one with the attributes of grandeur and sublimity.

I sat under the ministry of Macdonald for three years,—from the day of the formation of the Free Church, in August 1843, till the day of the arrival of the Rev. John Mackail, who was inducted pastor of the Free Church congregation in Calcutta in 1846.

His sermons were most admirable,—replete with matter, clearly arranged, beautifully expressed, full of unction. He never read from the pulpit, but always preached extemporaneously—in this respect quite unlike Duff, who almost always read. His sermons were full of divisions, like those of the old Puritan divines, of whose writings, and specially of those of Owen, he was a great admirer. I always made it a point, when returning home from church, to write down a skeleton of his sermon, in which I was greatly assisted by his divisions. Although he spoke extemporaneously, he never hesitated—no, not for a second: he poured out his thoughts in a placid and continuous stream, which to me was quite marvellous. He had no action, except a gentle lifting up of his right hand.

Macdonald largely contributed to the periodical press of Calcutta, but never to any secular periodical. Duff, Mackay, and T. Smith, not only largely contributed to the *Calcutta Review*, but were its editors successively for years. Macdonald never contributed to it a line, on principle. He was for years joint-editor of the *Calcutta Christian Observer*, and sole editor of the *Free Churchman*. In the pages of the *Observer* he powerfully attacked the vices and follies of the age. Some of these articles were published separately as tracts,—"The Oratorio;" "What is the Theatre?"

"May I go to the Ball?" "The Government of India charged with Spiritual Treason;" "Duelling spiritually considered;" "Thoughts on the Observance of Hindu Holidays," and the like. These articles excited the ridicule of the secular press of Calcutta, and the initials, J. M. D., appended to these articles became a by-word of reproach and contempt. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that no minister of the gospel in Calcutta, of whatever denomination, exercised so much spiritual influence as John Macdonald of the Free Church Mission. Besides the pamphlets already mentioned, Macdonald published the "Suffering Saviour," an exquisitely beautiful little book; "A Pastor's Memorial to his Former Flock," being a collection of the sermons he preached in the Scotch Church, River Terrace, Islington; "An Address at the Ordination of Elders;" "The First-Fruits of Our Flock in the Grave;" "Memorial of the late Kailas Chandra Mukerjea;" and a noble discourse on the "Ministration of the Holy Spirit."

As for Macdonald's character, it can only be described in the words of Scripture: "He was full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." He was *in* the world, but was not *of* the world. Of all the graces of the Spirit, love was the one which shone brightest in his character. He never tired discoursing on the love of Christ. And he himself was exceedingly lovely.

John Macdonald, we all felt, was John the beloved disciple.

One quality for which he was remarkable was his rigid precision of statement. He never exaggerated anything in speaking or in writing. He never said of one thing that it was "infinitely better" than another thing. Such phrases, however sanctioned by use, he considered untrue, and therefore improper; as no finite thing can be, from the nature of the thing, infinitely better than another finite thing. All his statements were rigidly, mathematically true.

Owing to his intense admiration of the great Puritan divines, there was, perhaps, a tinge of austerity in some of his views. I well remember his asking me once what book I had been reading. I told him a play of Shakespeare. "Shakespeare!" he repeated. He then told me that he, when a young man, had a copy of Shakespeare's works in his library, and that instead of burning it he very foolishly exchanged it in the shops for another book—*foolishly*, because another might have bought the book and injured his soul. It is not to be inferred, however, from this anecdote that Macdonald was austere and morose in his demeanour; on the contrary, he was more cheerful, and even more facetious, perhaps, than all the other missionaries. A heavenly serenity and joyousness seemed at all times to be settled on his countenance.

CHAPTER XV.

DUFF SURVEYS THE INDIAN FIELD OF MISSIONS.

SAID in a preceding chapter that Duff, in complying with the request of the Committee of Foreign Missions at Edinburgh to go home for a season, with a view to enliven the missionary zeal of the Church, resolved, before leaving India, on visiting all the principal mission stations throughout the country. He, accordingly, in fulfilment of that resolution, left Calcutta in April 1849, and went first to the Madras Presidency. After visiting the missions of that presidency town and of its immediate neighbourhood, he went along the Coromandel coast, and inspected the missions at Tranquebar and Negapatam. From the latter place he struck into the interior, and visited successively the stations at Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Madura, Tinnevelly, till he came out on the Malabar side at Trivandrum. Crossing over to Ceylon, he visited the chief mission stations of that island. He then left Point de Galle in July, and returned to Calcutta on his way to Upper

India. While in Calcutta, he took formal possession of the Chinsurah Mission, which had hitherto been occupied by the London Missionary Society. After making the necessary arrangements for that new and important mission, which is at present worthily superintended by my dear friend, the Rev. Prasanna Kumar Chatterjea, he started on his North Indian tour. He visited most of the stations in Upper India, going as far north as Kotghur, beyond Simla, and then entered the Punjab, in the capital of which he spent a whole week with the truly great Sir Henry Lawrence, then Chief Commissioner of that Province. He then took a boat at Ferozepore, on the Sutlej, and sailed down the Indus to Sukkur, and farther down to Schwan, where he met the Rev. Dr. Wilson of Bombay waiting there for him. The two missionary fathers then went through Sindh, through the Runn of Cutch, through Gujarat, to Bombay. Dr. Duff left Bombay on the 17th of March 1850, and reached Southampton on the 23rd of April.

It was when sailing in the boat from Ferozepore to Sukkur on the Indus that he wrote to me the letter which is here subjoined. The letter shows, amongst other things, how deeply he loved the converts from heathenism, and how he watched over them with a godly jealousy. Owing to the peculiar position which I occupied for many years in our mission, Duff wrote

to me more letters, perhaps, than to any other convert; and deeply do I deplore the accident which destroyed most of them. The following is one of the very few left; and a precious one it is, as it reflects in every line the very image of Duff's noble soul:—

"*Saturday, 26th January 1850.*
"*Near Sukkur,*
"*About 600 miles from Ferozepore by the river.*

"MY DEAR LAL BEHARI,—You may think that I have forgotten yourself and the other dear native brethren, from my long silence. But assuredly it is not so. You are all the daily subject of my earnest prayers; and the burden of my prayers is, that you may not only attain the blessings of salvation for yourselves, but that you may become 'burning and shining lights' in holding forth those blessings to multitudes of your benighted countrymen.

"As regards my not writing earlier, the plain fact is that, until I got into this boat on the Sutlej, I was thoroughly engrossed with the mere acts of travelling, seeing, conversing, &c., so that I scarcely could command a fragment of leisure time to write anything beyond what was absolutely necessary; and all my notes were very brief. But I shall not add another word on this subject, as I confide absolutely in the kind Christian indulgence of yourself and brethren.

"It would certainly require volumes to tell you all I have seen and learned since I left you; and I shall not attempt so hopeless a task, even by way of summary. The truth is, that I have had no time properly to digest or arrange any of my materials,—I have been so hurried along. In the boat I anticipated some quiet and sweet repose to commence the digestive process. But I have been greatly disappointed. Quiet, in one sense, I have had,—that is, freedom from interruption on the part of my fellow-men. But ever since I left Ferozepore, with the exception of two or three days, the weather has been singularly (and at this time of the year, I suppose, unusually) unpropitious. All the way from Ferozepore to Bhawalpore, it was cloudy, rainy, blustering. The wind being adverse, the boat often could make no way, even along the stream; but driven to a side, it had to wait till the wind abated. The boats in use on this river are very heavy and sluggish,—no panchways or baulealis here. Fancy a great lumbering, flat-bottomed vessel, from thirty to forty feet long, and about twelve feet wide! A slightly elevated space of about ten feet is marked off at the stern for the rudder and steersman, who sits perched aloft; and another space of about the same size, at the stem, for the rowers. There are only two great oars on each side, worked by two or three men each. They

are monstrosities of clumsiness, each being the trunk of a small tree, nearly as thick as the leg of an elephant, though not quite so straight. Between the stem and stern is the space allotted to the passenger for cabin and cook-room. By means of bamboos and strong reedy grass a small thatch-house is constructed, with angular, sloping roof,—the passage from stem to stern being on each side, along the upper edge of the boat, which consists of a flat, broad plank. The walls and roof are very thin, sufficient to keep out neither the gentlest breath of air nor the gentlest shower; so the wind came oozing through, and the rain came dripping through, and withal the cold was sharp and bitter. You may suppose that such a state of things was not propitious to writing much; indeed, many a day I could not write at all. My wonder is, that I have been preserved without any serious illness. But here I recognize the loving-kindness of a gracious God. If it was not a season for writing, it was what was better in effect,—a season for meditation and prayer. In this respect I *enjoyed* it, and have vastly *profited* by it. It has been a season of much humbling before God, in the review of the past; but, through his mercy, also of much close and sweet refreshing communion, in the felt experience of his condescending goodness and love. Many a groan of contrition, under a sense of past shortcomings, neglects,

and omissions in duty, has mingled with the moanings of the wind; and many a tear of joy and gladness, in the sweet assurance of Jehovah's *infinite* mercy, forbearance, and love, has mingled with the dripping rain in my lonely, lonely boat, amid these desert wilds of the Sutlej. I look upon all as well, and kindly, and wisely ordered. After the awful hurry and bustle of the last twelvemonth, I just needed such a season of retirement—and retirement exactly of this disciplining kind—to have the frame of my mind righted, so to speak, under the corrective appliances of the Spirit of grace, with my God. Often had I sung before, but never before with such intense zest as of late, the precious hymn,—

'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,' &c.

"But I must, at present, forbear any further remarks. I reached Bhawalpore on Wednesday the 15th; and the weather having cleared up, I ventured on a camel, and seated behind the driver, to take a run of sixty-two miles, within twelve hours, to Mooltan. I never was more thoroughly fatigued in my life. At that renowned city I saw the frightful ravages of war more awfully displayed than I ever saw before. I did praise the Lord with my whole heart that all was *peace* now. Returning to Bhawalpore on Friday, I visited that city also, and left it early

on Saturday morning. Sunday I have sacredly kept as a day of rest. The boatmen are surprised; but having contrived to get the reason explained to them, they do not respect me the less, but very much the more. Passed the point of junction of the Sutlej with the Chenab (having in it the waters of the Ravi and Jhelum) on Monday; and that of the Indus on Wednesday, about noon. To appearance, the Indus looks as mighty a river as the Ganges, from where it joins the Bhagirathi to Rajmahal and Patna. But oh, how different the banks! There all fertility; here, for the most part, all barrenness. With little exception, the immediate banks are either great breadths of loose or compacted sand, or alluvial deposits covered with tamarisk bushes and other stunted jungle. Except in one place yesterday, I have seen no human habitations on these bleak shores. There are villages more inland; but the treacherous shiftings of the river seem to warn off people from occupying, or even attempting to cultivate, the more immediate banks. Nor is the river itself enlivened, like the Ganges, with the stir and the bustle of commercial activity. Once or twice a day a boat may be passed; and as, in such a solitude, this is a cheering spectacle and a great relief to the wearied mind, both the crews usually stop to have a brisk talk, in which congratulations, interrogations,

and parting salaams to each other and all they may meet with in the places to be visited, are profusely interblended.

"It is now late at night; but as it is calm, with clear moonshine, the boat is dropping gently down, with the view of reaching Sukkur, which is not far off, as I wish, if possible, to hold divine service there to-morrow for the Europeans.

"You see this is a mere note, or brief bulletin, of progress, intended to assure you and your native brethren that you are much on my mind, and entwined about the best affections of my heart. Remember me most warmly to them all. I need not mention their names; for I mean them *all*, as the images of their countenances are now all present to my mind's eye. May the Lord abundantly bless all —keep all from temptation—save all from the deceits of the heart, the snares of the world, and the fear of man. Oh that ye may all be filled with the Holy Spirit, and be vessels of holiness to the Lord, and ensamples of discretion, zeal, self-denial, self-sacrificing devotedness to your fellow-men! I hope the poor young man has recovered from his awful fall, by genuine penitence.

"I was delighted to hear of yourself and two more, our friends Prasanna and Jagad, going forward with your trials. O dear friends, it is a grand but fear-

fully responsible vocation, that of the Christian ministry! Let the thirty-third and thirty-fourth chapters of Ezekiel be read, and re-read, and pondered over with heart-reaching prayer, until the spirit is moved and stirred to wake up to some approximate conceptions of the greatness, the arduousness, and the deep responsibilities of the shepherd of men's souls. For Jehovah himself declares, in the last verse of the thirty-fourth chapter, that 'the flesh' spoken of are 'men.' And then, on the other hand, if the shepherd be faithful,—up to the fulness of his light, his ability, and his *opportunity*,—what *reward* like his! No Christian is his own. He is Christ's, who purchased him with his blood. If the Bible were thoroughly understood and felt, it would be seen that the Christian's *time, talents, wealth, influence*, and all, were not *his own*, but Christ's—for Christ's service, and honour, and glory. Oh, if we all felt more of this, how different would we be! how different the state of the world!

"When I think of all this; when I call to mind, not the unattainable heights of apostles and prophets, but the more accessible heights to which many even in modern times attained; when I think of the impressive saying of Cecil: 'Hell is before me, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies; Jesus Christ stands forth to save men from

sinking into the boundless abyss; he sends me forth to proclaim his ability and love: I want no *fourth* idea: every fourth idea is contemptible, every fourth idea is a grand impertinence;' when I think of the impressive eulogy pronounced on Whitefield: 'His tears were for lost souls; his prayers were for lost souls; his journeys were for lost souls; his sermons were for lost souls; his dying groans were for lost souls: that was his one object; it gave to his life the stamp of an apostleship, and to his death the glory of a martyrdom;'—when I think of all this,—as I have been recently led to do,—of all this and much more of like sort, I do feel humbled in the very dust, under an overpowering sense of my shortcomings; so that the expressions employed at the commencement of this letter were not words of course—vapid, and meaningless, and soulless; no, but the very utterances of my heart. Pardon me, therefore, my dear, precious young friends,—pardon me for being jealous over you all with a godly jealousy; and when I say, 'Take heed—oh, take earnest heed! —that ye do not, by giving way to indolence, or lukewarmness, or self-ease, or self-indulgence of any kind, lay up now what shall prove an accumulating store of remorseful regrets hereafter.' Pray, again excuse me. 'My heart-felt love to all!—Your affectionate friend,

"ALEXANDER DUFF.

"*P.S.*—Please also remember me most kindly to Ishur Day, Bonó Mali,* and all the other teachers and young men—Mr. Sunder, &c. I hope to write to one of them next.—A. D."

* These two were non-Christian teachers in the Free Church Institution.

CHAPTER XVI.

DUFF IN CALCUTTA AGAIN.

AS this book is a record, for the most part, of my own personal recollections of Alexander Duff, and of the Institution which he established in Calcutta, it does not profess to be either a complete biography of Duff, or a history of the Mission which he founded in Bengal. It is not for me to dwell on the great work which Duff achieved when he went home a second time,—the Associations he formed in connection with the congregations of the Free Church in all parts of Scotland; the increase of mission funds consequent on the formation of these Associations; the manner in which he, as Moderator of the General Assembly in 1851, discharged the duties of that exalted office; the important evidence he gave on the subject of education in India before a Committee of the House of Lords, at the renewal of the Charter in 1853; and the valuable help he rendered to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India in drafting the celebrated

Indian Education Despatch of 1854. Neither is it for me to follow Duff to the New World, and notice the enthusiastic reception he everywhere met with, the sums of money he obtained for his Mission, the eloquent discourses he delivered, and the honour which was conferred on him by the citizens of the Western Republic. Nor is it any part of my business to give a history of the Bengal Free Church Mission during Duff's absence in Scotland, except to mention a few salient facts, in order to make the after-narrative intelligible.

Long before Duff left Calcutta in 1849, a house had been erected on a plot of ground in Cornwallis Square, immediately to the south of the old General Assembly's Institution, for the residence of the superintending missionary, as well as a home for the converts. When Duff returned early in 1856, he found the Converts' Home nearly full. A large number of young men, from the Calcutta Institution, as well as from the branch stations, had, during his absence, embraced the Christian religion, and cast in their lot with the people of God. Of these young men, I may here mention the names of those who have since distinguished themselves. In 1850 was baptized Shyama Charan Mukerjea, now Mr. S. C. Mukerjea, of Messrs. Clarke, Mukerjea and Co., a Christian merchant in Calcutta, foremost in promot-

ing every good work. In July 1851 was added to the Church Ram Chandra Basu, who has since joined the American Episcopal Methodist missionaries, and is one of their ablest and most devoted labourers. In July 1852 was baptized Kailas Chandra Ghosh, the first-fruits of the Bansberriah Mission, who is now in the subordinate executive service of the Government. Early in 1853 was baptized Braja Nath Mitra, now head-clerk in a Commissioner's court in the Punjab; and soon after were baptized Ishan Chandra Ghosh, now an assistant-master in the Government College at Lahore, and Barada Prasad Chakrabartti, now employed in connection with the Public Works Department in Behar. In December of the same year took place the baptism of Rajendra Chandra Chandra, who studied medicine, went to England, joined the Medical Service, and is now a professor in the Calcutta Medical College. In the following year there occurred the baptism of Vishnu Charan Chatterjea, now employed in the Financial Department; of Ishan Chandra Singha, now head-master of a Church Mission school in the Punjab; of Kali Padma Chatterjea, now an ordained minister in connection with the American Presbyterian missionaries; of Ishan Chandra Mukerjea, now a teacher in the Punjab; of Kedar Nath De, now a probationer of the Free Church, labouring at Chinsurah

of Jogendra Nath Basu, now an ordained minister in connection with the American Presbyterian Mission; of Nabin Chandra Ghosh, head-master of a Mission school in the Punjab; and of Ishan Chandra Sarkar, now executive engineer at Delhi.

Three years before Duff left Calcutta in 1849, Jagadishwar, Prasanna, and I had been appointed catechists; and he had set up a theological class, to enable us to prosecute our studies for the ministry. Duff took our Hebrew; Mackay our Church history; Ewart our systematic theology; and Mr. Thomas Smith our Greek. After passing through our trials before the Free Presbytery of Calcutta, in November 1851, we were licensed to preach the gospel. As licentiates we exercised our gifts, such as they were, chiefly in the branch stations,—Jagadishwar at Bansberriah, Prasanna at Chinsurah, and I at Culna. I was, however, afterwards transferred to Calcutta. In September 1855 we three were ordained to the office of the holy ministry by the Free Presbytery of Calcutta. When Duff returned to Calcutta in 1856, he found us all three ordained ministers.

And here, to make these recollections thoroughly faithful, it is perhaps necessary that I should allude to a somewhat painful passage of my life, in which I had the misfortune to disagree with Dr. Duff almost immediately after his return to Calcutta in 1856.

Jagadishwar, Prasanna, and I expected that, after our ordination, we should, agreeably to the principle of Presbyterian parity, be placed on a footing of equality with the European missionaries, especially with the newly-arrived missionaries; not as regards salary—*for the question of salary was not at all raised at that time*—but as regards ecclesiastical status and position in the Mission. After we were ordained, we were, of course, made members of the Free Presbytery of Calcutta. But the Presbytery had little or nothing to do with the management of the affairs of the Mission, excepting in the way of directing the studies of students of divinity, taking them on their trials, licensing, and ordaining them. For the management of the affairs of the Mission there was what was called the "Mission Council," which, at that time, directed not only the affairs of the Calcutta Institution, but also those of the branch stations. Of this Mission Council, which was composed of all the European missionaries of the Free Church, we, after our ordination, were not made members. Dr. Mackay, who was at the head of the Mission before Duff's return, and with whom I had daily intercourse, told me that he agreed with us in our views; that is to say, he was of the opinion that we should become members, not only of the Presbytery, but also of the Mission Council; but he would not give us seats in the

Council unless he received instructions to that effect from the Foreign Missions Committee at Edinburgh; and he thought that Duff would be bringing out instructions on that subject.

From the very first conversation I had with Dr. Duff on the subject, I found that he was opposed to our admission into the Mission Council. I ventured to argue with him, but his mind had been made up. We three of us, Mr. Bhattachatjya, Mr. Chatterjea, and myself, drew up a memorial addressed to the Foreign Missions Committee at Edinburgh, in which we stated that, on the principle of ecclesiastical parity, which is a fundamental principle of Presbyterianism, we should be made members, not only of the Presbytery, but also of the Mission Council; that, so far as our missionary fathers, Duff, Mackay, Ewart, and Smith, were concerned, we should be quite content all our lives to be under their direction and guidance, for they were our instructors and fathers in Christ; but that it was a hard thing to see new missionaries, who were our juniors in ecclesiastical standing, made members of the Mission Council, and ourselves excluded: and the prayer of the memorial was, that the Committee would be pleased to instruct the missionaries to give us seats in the Council. This memorial was sent to Duff, as the senior missionary, requesting him kindly to transmit it to the Home Committee,

with any remarks he thought proper to make upon it.

Duff was quite indignant. We three of us were asked to a conference with the missionaries on the subject,—Duff and Ewart being present. I do not exactly remember whether Dr. Thomas Smith was present,—perhaps he had just left, or was about to leave, for Scotland. Duff's contention was, that Presbyterian parity regarded parity in ecclesiastical matters only; that we were certainly entitled, as Presbyterian ministers, to become members of Presbytery, but that the Mission Council was quite a different affair: we were not entitled *ex officio* to become members of that Council; *that* depended on the pleasure of the Home Committee. At the first meeting Mr. Chatterjea assented to these views generally; at the second meeting, which was held on the following day, Mr. Bhattacharjya also gave a general assent to them; and I, when I was asked my views in my turn, said that Presbyterian parity certainly regarded parity in ecclesiastical matters only, but that, in the peculiar constitution of our Mission, every ordained native missionary was as much entitled to a seat in the Mission Council as every ordained European missionary; that it was not a little singular that, while every young missionary, immediately on coming from Scotland, was admitted

into the Mission Council, the ordained native missionaries, who were older and more experienced, were excluded; that this distinction appeared to be an invidious one; and that the distinction made between the European and the native missionary was contrary, not only to the principle of Presbyterian parity, but to the essence and spirit of Christianity itself. Duff and Ewart were, of course, indignant. One day more was given to me for reconsideration. Messrs. Bhattacharjya and Chatterjea went away to their respective stations—namely, Bansberriah and Chinsurah—and I to my rooms in the Converts' Home. I appeared at the third meeting with a written statement embodying the views I had put forth on the previous day, adding that I could not work in the Free Church Institution, as I was accustomed to do, unless I was made a member of the Council which guided its affairs; and that, under the circumstances, I should, perhaps, feel it to be my duty to leave the Mission. I perceived that Duff and Ewart were greatly pained; and as I would make no concessions whatever, the meeting broke up. I returned to my rooms excessively saddened at this interruption of cordiality with those whom I revered and loved beyond all men.

Next morning Duff came to my rooms in the Converts' Home, and asked me whether I was really

going to leave the Mission. On my telling him that I was prepared to do so, unless I was made a member of the Mission Council, he dwelt on the then exigencies of the Mission, and said that my services could not be dispensed with, at least for a whole year. He then burst into tears. Being greatly affected, I said that, in that case, considering the benefits I had received from the Mission, I would not leave it for a whole year. He then asked me how I should like the idea of taking charge of the mission at Culna, adding that I should be left unfettered, unhampered, and free; that I should be at liberty there to carry out any plans I chose in connection with the mission; and that I should not be interfered with by any man or body of men. I replied that, on these conditions, I should be glad to take charge of the Culna Mission, at least during the year in which I had promised not to resign. He said he was delighted beyond measure. We both knelt down. He offered up a most touching prayer. He then gave me a hearty shake of the hand and went away. I shall never forget that scene in my rooms in the Converts' Home. How he trembled with emotion in every limb of his body! How his eyes reddened! How he sobbed! How his tears trickled down his cheeks! I felt for him greater reverence and love than ever.

In a few days I was off to Culna. Duff was true to his word. He left me there free as the wind. He gave me *carte-blanche*. He supported every plan I adopted. He wrote me most affectionate letters. He sent me as much money as I wanted for making improvements in the Culna Mission. He visited the mission, and expressed himself delighted at everything he saw. In a word, my position was made so comfortable and so thoroughly independent, that I remained at Culna, not one year only, as I had promised, but for four years; and at the end of that period I was only transferred, after Dr. Ewart's death, to Calcutta, to take that revered father's place as pastor of the Native Church in Cornwallis Square, —a position entirely independent of the Mission Council.

Before the occurrence of the sad event to which allusion is made in the last sentence, two important events had taken place in the Mission. One was the opening of the Rural Mission at Mahanad, a village about twelve miles to the north-west of Chinsurah. The object of that mission was to reach the agricultural population by means of the simple proclamation of the gospel, and by means of vernacular schools; and though one or two English schools have since been set up in connection with it, its original purpose is being amply carried out. Ever since the estab-

lishment of the mission, Mr. Bhattacharjya has been working it with an ability and a devotedness truly admirable; and the success has been proportionate. The other event was the opening of the Duff Girls' School. Though the name, "High-Caste Girls' School," for some time applied to it, was somewhat misleading, there being scores of schools similar to it in the country, it cannot be doubted that it has done, and is continuing to do, a great deal of good. But the entire system of female education in this country is at present superficial, and will remain so till a complete system of national education is organized.

In the very month in which Duff started his Girls' School, the great Mutiny broke out, which shook the Indian continent to its centre. During the continuance of that terrible catastrophe, Duff wrote a series of letters to the Convener of the Foreign Missions Committee at Edinburgh, which were afterwards published together in a volume under the name of "The Indian Rebellion: Its Causes and Results."

After the suppression of the Mutiny, the Institution went on in its peaceful course, and nothing important happened till the year 1860, when one of the fathers of the Mission was cut down with a terrible suddenness in the vigour of manhood. In the morning of Saturday, the 8th of September, David Ewart caught

cholera; and he breathed his last on the following day. The Free Church Institution had never suffered such a loss since its commencement in 1830 as it did on the day Ewart died. Sixteen months after, Dr. Mackay left India for his native country to recruit his health, and never returned: he died in Scotland in 1865. My recollections of these two venerable fathers of the Mission must form the subject of the two following chapters.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN MEMORIAM : DAVID EWART.

DAVID EWART was born in the parish of Alyth, in the county of Perth, in 1806, the same year in which Alexander Duff was born. To complete his education he went to the University of St. Andrews when Alexander Duff was there, though he was Duff's junior in academic standing. He arrived in Calcutta towards the end of the year 1834, when, as I have said in a foregoing chapter, I was a pupil in the General Assembly's Institution. I have also related the circumstance which made Ewart take notice of me, as a boy in one of the junior classes, in the winter of 1836. Ever since, Ewart seemed to take some interest in me. If ever I came across his way in the Institution, he looked at me with a smile on his lips, and pronounced my name. In passing I may remark, that as it is said of a famous general of antiquity that he knew the names of all his soldiers, it may be said of David Ewart that he knew the names of all his pupils—and their

name was "legion," for they were many. Neither Duff, nor Mackay, nor Macdonald, nor Thomas Smith knew the names of half, or even a quarter of their pupils; but it would be hardly too much to say that Ewart knew the names of them all. He not only knew their names, but he knew the histories of many of them. His affability and the benevolence of his disposition often induced his pupils to come to him for advice in seasons of difficulty; and thus the histories of many humble Bengali families were confided to him.

David Ewart was the great pillar of the Institution. Duff or Mackay might be superintendent, but the practical management of the Institution was always intrusted to Ewart. He knew the details of its working better than any one else. Duff was, as it were, the chief engineer—he invented the engine; but Ewart was the driver of the engine—he set it agoing every day. It was he who always, at the beginning of every session, made the routine of the studies of every class, from the highest to the lowest; and he alone could do it, for the other missionaries were not so well acquainted as he was with the capabilities of the numerous assistant-masters of the Institution. What a deal of work devolved on Ewart's shoulders! And yet he not only did not complain, but he delighted in that heavy work; indeed, I be-

lieve he would have been miserable without it. It was said of an eminent English statesman that he had married the British Constitution. It may be truly said of David Ewart that he had married the General Assembly's Institution; and when the Disruption pronounced the sentence of divorce, he married again the Free Church Institution. The Institution was to him a phantom of delight.

Ewart had not the talents of either Duff or Mackay, or Macdonald or Thomas Smith; and yet he made a most admirable professor, especially of students not overflowing with ability. He was singularly patient with his pupils, giving them line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little; putting himself in their position, and sympathizing with them in all their difficulties, and taking the utmost pains to make himself intelligible to them. I cannot say that he excelled in any particular branch of knowledge; his mind seemed to have been directed with equal force to a variety of subjects, all of which he appeared to have mastered. He was in consequence as good a teacher of mathematics as of English literature, of physics as of metaphysics and theology. His lectures on Bacon's "Essays" I shall always remember, for they were admirable; I only regret that his modesty prevented him from publishing his annotations and criticisms to the world. Nor did I

derive less benefit when I went with him through Butler's "Analogy;" Sir John Herschel's "Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy," which we used to call the *Novum Organum* of the nineteenth century; and through some of the religious works of Locke and of the Honourable Robert Boyle. But the best lesson I learned as a student from Ewart was the lesson derived from his own life. The perfect equanimity of his temper; his freedom from all prejudice; the philosophical coolness of his judgment; his frankness, which was transparently visible in his countenance; the rigid uprightness of his character, never swerving in the slightest degree for a moment from the path of rectitude; his gentleness, which more resembled that of a woman than of a stalwart man, upwards of six feet high; his wonderful patience in listening to the complaints of his pupils; his kindness to poor heathen students, assisting some with books, and others with means of livelihood from his own pocket; the lively interest he took in the welfare of those who had at any period of their lives sat at his feet for instruction, readily giving them letters of recommendation, and endeavouring to get employment for them; and, above all, his charity, which led him never to think evil of any man, Hindu, Mohammadan, or Christian,—the exhibition of these virtues in the daily life and conversation of David

Ewart was to me more instructive than a course of lectures on ethics or a whole body of divinity.

Ewart wrote for the *Calcutta Christian Observer*, like his colleagues; but he did not excel as a writer. His articles were full of solid matter, of weighty thoughts, of wise reflections; but the style was heavy and somewhat tedious. As an instance, I may point to his review of Dr. Wilson's treatise on "The Parsi Religion," which extended over four or five numbers of the *Observer*, and which is as heavy and tedious as it is important and valuable.

David Ewart was a man of deep though unobtrusive piety. He was not demonstrative in his nature. His extreme modesty ever induced him to remain in the background. He never came to the front. He did not uselessly and unseasonably obtrude his religion into the notice of people. He did not cast his pearls before swine. And yet, if there had been persecution, as in the fierce days of old, David Ewart would have been the first to burn at the stake for his religion.

Ewart was the first pastor of the Bengali Church in connection with the Free Church of Scotland; and he was well fitted for the post. He preached in Bengali well, and his sermons always instructed and edified his flock. David Ewart shone best in his relation to the converts. He took paternal care of

them all. He took a lively interest in their temporal as well as in their spiritual welfare. He thoroughly sympathized with them in the various changes of life. He rejoiced with them when they rejoiced; he wept with them when they wept. In times of sickness no missionary attended on them so affectionately, so sympathizingly, so lovingly as Ewart. He sat beside their bed; he mixed medicines for them; he made them swallow the drug with his own hand; he fanned them for hours together; he sat for whole nights beside the patient, when doctors pronounced the case to be in a critical state. In a word, if Duff was the father of the converts, Ewart was their mother.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN MEMORIAM: WILLIAM SINCLAIR MACKAY.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR MACKAY was born at Thurso, in Caithness, in 1807, the same year in which Macdonald was born. Like Macdonald, he studied in the Aberdeen University; but from Aberdeen he went to St. Andrews, where he met Duff and Ewart. After being ordained as a missionary of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, he sailed for India, and joined his old fellow-student, Alexander Duff, in Calcutta towards the end of the year 1831.

Mackay was one of the most accomplished missionaries that ever came to India. He was not only well read in Greek and Latin literature, but, what is far better, had imbibed a thoroughly classical spirit and taste, which showed itself in his singularly graceful style of English composition. I have always regretted that his writings have not been collected together in a permanent form, as I have no doubt that, if republished in two or three volumes, they

would be a valuable accession to English literature. He contributed largely to the *Calcutta Christian Observer*—his contributions consisting chiefly of reviews of theological books published in Britain. He engaged also in a controversy on Puseyism with the late Professor Street, of Bishop's College, Calcutta, in the course of which the Presbyterian missionary displayed an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin fathers far deeper than that shown by the Anglican clergyman, who had spent his days and nights in the study of patristic literature. All who watched the controversy—and in those days of the Tractarian movement it was watched with intense interest by the religious public of India—rose from the perusal of the discussions with the impression that Professor Street, though highly accomplished, was no match for Mackay in cogency of argument, in felicity of expression, and even on the Tractarian's own ground—in knowledge of the writings of the fathers. To the *Observer*, Mackay occasionally contributed poetical pieces, which had the ring of genuine poetry: had they not been of a religious character, they would have attracted general admiration. He contributed also to the *Calcutta Review* almost from the commencement of that Quarterly, which he subsequently edited for some time; and his article on the Jesuits of Madura, in one of the earlier num-

bers of the *Review*, was of such sterling merit that it attracted attention in England, where it was republished. And towards the close of his life, when, owing to a hopelessly shattered constitution, he was obliged to leave the mission field, after labouring in it for thirty years, and return to his native land, he contributed to the *Quarterly Review* several articles of great merit. Besides contributing to the periodical press, Mackay compiled a small treatise on the Evidences of Christianity, for the use of his pupils, and published some beautiful sermons and addresses to educated Hindus.

Mackay was, however, not merely a literary man; he was a good mathematician, and perhaps the first astronomer of his day in India. Next to theology, which he studied deeply in all its branches, there was no subject to which he paid greater attention than astronomy. Wherever he lived, whether in Calcutta or at Chinsurah, he had a private observatory of his own, furnished with the necessary apparatus, from the "lone high tower" of which he watched the "stars in their courses." As he was enthusiastic in the study of astronomy, he endeavoured to impart a portion of his enthusiasm to his pupils. I attended his lectures on astronomy for three years, during which our text-books were Mylne, Herschel, Vince. He was not content with teaching us theoretical

astronomy; he showed us its application to navigation, and some of his pupils became quite expert in the manipulation of Norie's Navigation and the Nautical Almanac. He also unfolded the principles of the steam-engine to his pupils, many of whom had become familiar with the theory of locomotive engines long before the introduction of railways into the country.

I am not a little indebted to Mackay for learning the art of English composition. He endeavoured to make me feel the graces and beauties of style. He read our compositions in the class, and criticised them in our presence. And such criticism! I felt a cold shudder when he took my paper into his hands. My heart almost dried up within me when, after reading a sentence, he broke out in an ironical vein, "What a brilliant sentence this!" He would then take up the sentence, demolish it into atoms, and on its ruins construct another sentence, a thing of beauty. But it was not so much in the class-room that I benefited from Mackay, so far as this subject is concerned, as from his published writings. As a student, I greatly admired Mackay's style of composition. I regarded it as almost perfect. I therefore greedily devoured every article he wrote either in the *Observer* or in the *Calcutta Review;* every sermon or address he published; and whenever he

preached, I hung on his lips with rapt admiration.

Besides mere science and literature, I am indebted to Mackay for my first impressions on the evidences of Christianity, on which he lectured to us in the class-room, using as a text-book the little book which he himself had compiled. That little book was with him a text-book in the proper sense of the word, as it merely furnished him three times in the week with a subject, on which he poured out the stores of his richly-endowed mind. I seemed to be introduced into a new world of thought; and the impressions I then received have never been effaced from my mind.

Mackay had a singularly quick and far-sighted intellect. It descried ideas and conclusions at a greater distance than most other men whom I have seen. It arrived at truth by long leaps, jumping over lines of reasoning which ordinary men laboriously wade through. It had more of an intuitive than a ratiocinative character; at anyrate, the ratiocination was concealed from our view, and we saw only the conclusions. It was for this reason that he was a first-rate teacher of lads of quick parts, but a bad teacher of lads of dull intellect. As his eagle-sighted intellect saw distant conclusions at a glance, he did not always remember that sluggish intellects required

to have before them all the intervening steps of the reasoning before they could arrive at the conclusions.

Mackay had a delicate taste. Dr. Johnson said of somebody that his writings and speeches showed as if his taste fed on potatoes, it was so coarse. Mackay's taste had such a delicate flavour that it seemed as if it fed on manna—"angels' food." It was his inborn sense of the beautiful, coupled with his classical culture and his familiarity with the best models of modern European literature—and he was master of French and German—that gave him this exquisite taste. His mind was cast in the Hellenic mould.

When Mackay was the senior missionary and superintendent of the mission during Duff's absence, and lived in Cornwallis Square, I saw him almost every day, and went to him at all hours. Mackay, Mrs. Mackay, and their sons and daughters, were all exceedingly amiable in their dispositions, very affable, very hospitable. In Mackay's house one felt oneself at home. There was real, vital religion, but no pains were taken to make a show of it. Mackay's piety, like Ewart's, was unobtrusive and retired; but it had in it more of pathos. His cast of soul was eminently devotional. Some of his poetical pieces breathe of the spirit of St. Augustine, of

Thomas à Kempis, and of Fénélon. As high intellect was in him joined to much poetical sensibility and deep religious feeling, I often pictured him in my mind as Plato sitting at the feet of Jesus.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST YEARS OF ALEXANDER DUFF.

DR. DUFF exercised a most wholesome influence on the University of Calcutta from the day of its establishment, as a member of the Senate, as the President of the Faculty of Arts, and as a member of the Syndicate. His connection with that learned body was beneficial to the country, not only from an educational, but also from a Christian point of view. It was chiefly through his influence that the Christian element was not entirely eliminated from the studies prescribed for the undergraduates of the University.

During the last years of his sojourn in India, Duff was connected with another association, called the Bethune Society, of which he was elected president in 1859; and he continued to preside over it till the day of his final departure from the country. Though the Bethune Society is not a learned body, in the usual sense of that phrase, it afforded Duff an important sphere of usefulness, as it brought him in contact

with the best educated and most influential native gentlemen of Calcutta. And the eloquent addresses which he delivered, month after month, at its meetings, though not of a distinctively Christian character, at least made Christianity respectable in the eyes of the native gentry, and sowed in the minds of not a few of the rising generation the seeds of heavenly truth.

Towards the end of the year 1862 a new feature was added to the Mission by the arrival of Dr. Robson as a medical missionary. And here I cannot help shedding a tear over the untimely grave—and he died only a short time ago—of a dear friend and brother, and withal one of the most amiable and most excellent of men. Dr. Robson was universally liked by Hindus as well as by Mohammadans for his meekness, for his benevolence, for his disinterestedness, and for the self-denial he exercised for the welfare of his fellow-men. There was no man within the circle of my acquaintance whose daily life and conversation produced on the native population a more favourable impression of our holy faith than his. And even after he left the Mission, on the expiry of the period of contract, and joined the educational service of Government, he exerted on all around him a thoroughly Christian and missionary influence. His course, though short, was highly useful.

Early in 1863 a youth of the name of Hem Nath Basu applied to me for baptism. As he was not a student of the Free Church Institution, and had not received Christian training, I hesitated to receive him as a candidate for baptism, and told him to come to me frequently for religious instruction. He did so, and in a short time made such rapid progress that, after consulting with Duff, I received him, in the month of June, as a candidate for baptism. On this his father took out a writ of *Habeas corpus* against Duff and me for detaining his son against his will, in our house, from the lawful custody of his parents. Hem Nath was produced in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, and the judge delivered him over to his father, on the allegation that he was a few months short of the legal age. The case produced a great sensation in Calcutta, and the Hindus seemed to triumph. But two years after, Hem Nath came again to the mission house, and I had the privilege of admitting him into the Church of Christ by the holy rite of baptism.

A few days after Hem Nath Basu had been delivered up to his father by the Supreme Court, Duff's health completely broke down, and he was compelled, on medical advice, at once to start for his native land. As it was generally known that he was finally leaving the country—the Church at home having re-

quested him to accept the Convenership of the Foreign Missions Committee at Edinburgh—farewell addresses were poured upon him from all quarters, Christian as well as non-Christian. The students and ex-students of the Institution not only presented him with an address, but raised subscriptions for erecting a marble bust of him, to be placed in a conspicuous position in the Institution. That marble bust now graces the noble hall of the Free Church Institution. The members of the Bethune Society raised £200 for a portrait. The European and Native communities united together, with Sir Charles Trevelyan at their head, to raise a fitting memorial of the great missionary. They raised upwards of £2000, from the interest of which are given four scholarships, of the annual value of £18 each, in connection with the Calcutta University, called the Duff Scholarships. It was in this wise that Duff bade farewell to India in the month of July 1863.

Of the remaining fifteen years of Duff's life, which he spent in his native land, it is not for me to speak. His future biographer will tell how, though he had left India, he still laboured unceasingly and unweariedly for India; how he pleaded eloquently and earnestly, in season and out of season, on behalf of missions in India and in the world at large; how he succeeded in establishing a Chair of Evangelistic

Theology in connection with the Free Church Colleges in Scotland, which the united voice of the Church called upon him to fill; how, in beautiful harmony with the noble disinterestedness of his whole life, he refused to draw his salary as Professor of Evangelistic Theology, but allowed it to accumulate for the purpose dearest to his heart—the cause of missions; how, by multiplying the number of Associations connected with the congregations of the Church at home, he permanently increased the funds for missions; how he was a second time elected Moderator of the General Assembly—a distinction accorded to only a few in the annals of the Church; and how the last days of his life upon earth were spent in elaborating a scheme for the organization of a great Missionary Institute in Scotland. I shall only content myself with transcribing here two or three out of several letters which he wrote to me during the last few years of his life.

The following letter refers to a request I had made to him to recommend my book, "Govinda Samanta," which was then in manuscript, to some Scottish publisher. I did not, however, avail myself of Duff's kindness, as other friends—Mr. Gordon Robb, of the late Messrs. G. C. Hay & Co., and the Hon. Mr. Justice Phear (now Sir John Phear), Chief-Justice of Ceylon—recommended the book to a London publisher.

"PATTERDALE, WESTMORELAND,
"*May 7, 1874.*

"MY DEAR MR. DAY,—Your note, with another for Dr. Mitchell, reached me here. And not to lose a week's mail, I hasten, however briefly, to acknowledge the same—having already sent yours to Dr. Mitchell with my own suggestions.

"Allow me, then, very cordially to thank you for writing to me as you have done, and for the interesting details of the communion, which I have sent to Dr. Mitchell, asking him to notice the subject in our Report, which is now in course of passing through the press.

"I congratulate you with all my heart on your success in the matter of the Prize Essay. I have no doubt that it will be fraught with interesting materials for all who have India's welfare at heart.

"Without detailing reasons, what I have suggested to Dr. Mitchell is, that you should be requested to send home the MS. to him, or to myself, that both of us should peruse it, so as to be able intelligently to recommend it to some worthy publisher, since we could not properly recommend it without its being seen and perused by us; and no publisher in this country would publish it, except at the *sole risk and expense* of the author, unless recommended to him by parties known to him, on whose judgment he could rely.

I think that in this suggestion Dr. Mitchell will concur with me. If so, I have asked him to write to you thereanent. And if you think proper to send home and intrust your MS. to Dr. Mitchell and myself, as old friends who greatly respect you, and cherish for you (I am sure I do) the warmest affection, you may rest assured that we shall do all in our power to carry out your wishes in your interest.—Yours affectionately,

"ALEXANDER DUFF."

The letter given below will speak for itself:—

"22 LAUDER ROAD, EDINBURGH,
"*June 8, 1876.*

"MY DEAR MR. DAY,—Though it is now some time since I wrote to you, or heard direct from you, I often hear of you; and very often think of you, along with others of your countrymen who are, and ever will be, dear to me. Indeed, it is my daily habit to remember, among others, my old Indian friends; and very specially those who, like yourself, continue to render good service in our common glorious Master's cause.

"The *Bengal Magazine*, which, for the most part, has reached me regularly, has been to me a source of much real enjoyment. But the number for March last did not reach me, nor the number for any month since.

"Some weeks ago, one of your correspondents and a friend of mine, Mr. Handyside, wrote to ask me whether I had seen the March number, as it contained a discourse of yours on Dr. Wilson of Bombay; on which I replied that I had not, but would like to see it. Accordingly he sent to me his copy. I was so struck with your admirable sketch, that I at once made up my mind to get it reprinted, with a prefatory note of my own.

"This was done; but no one heard of it, except the bookseller and the printer, till the evening of Monday, 22nd May, when I presented our Foreign Missions Report to the General Assembly in a very crowded house. In my address on the occasion I referred to your discourse, and told the house that on the *next* day (Tuesday) a copy of it would be delivered gratuitously to *every member*—nearly six hundred—while the general public might provide themselves with copies at the booksellers'. I also availed myself of the opportunity of directing attention to your "Govinda Samanta," as by far the best, the truest, the most complete account of the social and domestic life of the rural population of Bengal to be found in the English language. I hope you will grant me an indemnity for doing what I did, as there was no time to write to ask your permission, otherwise I would have done so. I send you a copy

of the reprint, in which there is nothing omitted except a single sentence near the beginning.

"About ten days ago I met with a very severe accident, which for a week confined me to bed; but I am now, by God's blessing on the means, making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

"I need not say how delighted I shall be at all times to hear from you, however shortly.

"Remember me kindly to Mrs. Day, and believe me, ever very affectionately yours,

"ALEXANDER DUFF."

The third letter, which is the last he ever wrote to me, requires a word of explanation. In the winter of 1876 the Calcutta Free Church Mission seemed to be in a critical state. The Rev. W. C. Fyfe, the superintendent of the Mission, had for some time signified his intention to resign his post; the Rev. K. S. Macdonald had expressed his wish to go home for a short time for domestic reasons; and the Rev. J. Robertson had just left the Mission and accepted the principalship of the Doveton College in Calcutta: it seemed as if, in the ensuing year, the Rev. J. Hector, the youngest missionary, would be left in sole charge of the Institution and of the Mission. Under these circumstances I wrote to Duff, offering to throw up my professorship in a Government college, and to go

back to the Mission on certain conditions. To that letter the following is Duff's reply:—

"FREE CHURCH COLLEGE, GLASGOW,
"*January 17, 1877.*

"MY DEAR MR. DAY,—Since the beginning of last week I have been in Glasgow in discharge of collegiate duties, but went to Edinburgh to attend the monthly Committee meeting there on Tuesday (yesterday); and there found yours of the 22nd December waiting me. On the evening of the same day I had to return to Glasgow to be ready for work there this forenoon. There was, therefore, no time yesterday to weigh the contents—the solemn contents of your letter; but I thank you with all my heart for writing to me so promptly and so frankly on the momentous subject. Besides, there are letters from Robertson himself, Mr. Fyfe, and Mr. Macdonald.....The substance of Mr. Fyfe's letter was that, under the sudden and unexpected circumstances which had arisen, he would postpone his intended resignation till it was seen what arrangements could be effected; and of Mr. Macdonald's, that he would not and could not press his application for leave of absence in March next. So far, the letters of both of them tended to relieve the minds of the Committee, by affording time to consider what was best to be done. Some temporary aid must, if possible, be offered to those who have

been so crippled, and who feel unable for full and vigorous Institution work, in their enfeebled state of health, &c.

"Your proposal is, indeed, in all respects, a striking one. And had I alone to do with it, some understanding or early arrangement might readily be effected. But, as you must know, my dear friend, in such a case, when a change so radical is proposed, and many minds have to be consulted, some time must elapse before a definite conclusion can be arrived at. For my own part, I have often openly avowed it, that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see our Institutions manned entirely with Native Christians, endowed with the needful qualifications to carry them on efficiently, more especially if they became self-supporting, or at least independent of pecuniary aid from this country. But into the subject generally I have not time to enter now. I only write a few lines, in the midst of multifarious duties, to thank you with all my heart for writing to me as you have done; for let the issue be what it may, your proposal will redound vastly to your credit, as regards its disinterestedness, &c. Kindest regards to Mrs. Day.—Yours affectionately,

"ALEXANDER DUFF."

The accident to which Duff refers in one of these

letters was a heavy fall he had while he was taking down a book from an upper shelf in his library. From the effects of that fall he never fully recovered. It brought on eventually an attack of jaundice. He tried the pleasant retreat of Patterdale in Westmoreland, and the German bath of Neunahr, but without deriving material benefit. At last he went to Sidmouth in Devonshire. There he calmly yielded up his spirit on the 12th of February 1878.

I shall not attempt a eulogy of Duff's character. His praise is in the Churches, and his record is on high. I shall only say that I have never known, heard, or read of any man to whom could be applied with greater propriety than to Alexander Duff the words of Scripture,—*The zeal of God's house hath eaten him up.*

THE END.

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